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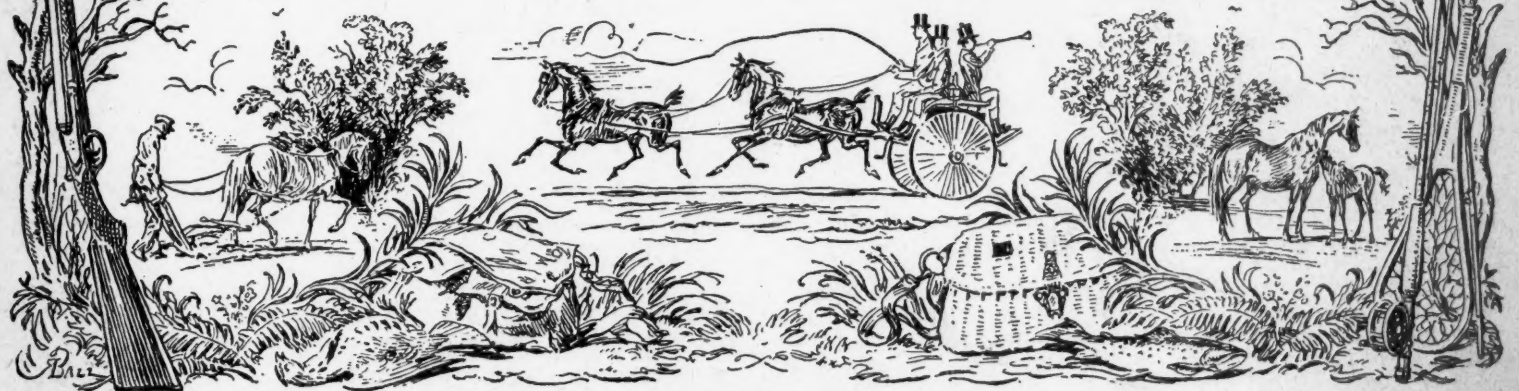
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Details Page 12.



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THE AMERICAN HORSE SHOWS ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the American Horse Shows Association in New York next week will mark the fifteenth year of that organization under the leadership of its president Adrian van Sinderen. The growth of the Association during these fifteen years has been remarkable. In 1937 there were 129 member shows in 20 states. Today there are 258 member shows in 44 states. Fifteen years ago there were no divisions for separate breeds or types—merely a few definitions of green hunters and the like. At present there are thirteen such divisions—hunters, jumpers, saddle horses, roadsters, heavy harness horses, harness show ponies, polo ponies, western stock horses, Palominos, Arabians, Morgans, Walking Horses and equitation classes.

When Mr. van Sinderen took over the Association had no list of judges. Now there is a list of over six hundred licensed judges together with the divisions in which they are licensed, and a separate list of those judges who have officiated during the last two years, including the shows at which they have officiated. The requirements and methods of selection for judges have been gradually tightened up; at present a considerable percentage of names proposed are rejected. The rules governing the conduct of horse shows have been made much more specific and provision has been made for the appointment at each show of a steward to supervise the enforcement of Association rules.

High score awards have been set up in each division for the horse amassing the greatest number of points throughout the year. Shows have been classified A, B and C, depending upon the number of classes and the amount of prize money offered, so as to equalize competition for the high score awards. Statistics as to the progress made in division are compiled each year.

Individual memberships for both seniors and juniors have been created. Three Medal class competitions for junior members are offered for horsemanship—hunting seat, saddle horse seat and stock saddle seat. Over 200 such classes are held annually and the Van Sinderen Trophies awarded in each competition to the national winners.

As the Association has grown so has its rule book, from 28 pages in 1936 (the year before Mr. van Sinderen took office) to 216 pages plus a supplement in 1952. At the same time many of the rules of the Association have been simplified and cut down. The Constitution, which included 17 sections in 1937, now includes only 11 sections.

Adrian van Sinderen has given to the Association during the past fifteen years an extraordinary amount of thought, effort, time and travel. He has contributed outstanding executive ability to its administration. An organization composed of hundreds of regular show members, local show members, and licensed shows and thousands of individual senior and junior members is obviously so large that it might well become unwieldy. With the aid of Secretary-Treasurer Lewis M. Gibb and Executive Secretary Theodore E. Buell and a small office force, however, the affairs of the Association run as smoothly as those of any big business in the country. Anyone who has attended its meetings, whether of division committees, of the board of directors, or of the whole Association, well knows the careful preparation which has preceded them, the mimeographed copies of the order of business, and the combination of full consideration with dispatch which enables great numbers of questions to be decided promptly. At the same time everyone connected with the organization has ample opportunity to be heard. Hundreds of suggestions and requests for interpretation and information are handled each year by the office force, the Executive Secretary and the Board of Directors. On the day following the annual meeting the Association conducts three symposiums covering the problems of exhibitors, of stewards and of the division committees which formulate division rules. These have aroused so much interest that they are now held consecutively, instead of concurrently.

During the last fifteen years everyone connected with the Association has helped to make it what it is today, breeders, owners, managers, riders, grooms, children, instructors, judges, stewards, show management, officers, directors and committee members. It is in no way detracting from their great and varied contributions, however, to say that the extent and influence of the American Horse Shows Association today is due in large measure to Adrian van Sinderen.

Letters To The Editor

Suggestions For Articles

Dear Editor:

At best, I consider myself an insignificant drop in the vast ocean of horse lovers and for that reason, although I have ridden and loved horses since I was a "mite", anything I might say should probably be taken with a few "grains of salt!"

I have been receiving The Chronicle for seven years and might add that after seven years I still look for each copy as eagerly as the one before. I think The Chronicle staff deserves a hearty vote from all who enjoy it for the fine job it is doing.

Now then, I hope that the next few paragraphs won't be mistaken for criticism as I intend them for friendly suggestions that other horsemen might also welcome.

I am wondering if it would be possible to include in each issue an article on some allied topic of interest to sporting people that follow the horse and hounds. (Your Dec. 19 had a fine article on Fighting Cocks).

Can we have some articles on:

1. The ancient art of coaching with pictures of different coaches (such as the wonderful collection of the late R. V. N. Gambrell, etc.).
2. A history of saddlery and harness showing evolution and drawings (or pictures) of horse equipment used throughout the world.
3. How different countries conduct hunting (or the chase) such as: wild boar hunting in India, wolf hunting in Russia, stag hunting in England, France and Germany, etc.
4. A children's page devoted to teaching our children something that we as parents sometimes overlook—the science of horsemastership.
5. A horseman's forum page where all sides of difficult problems concerning our beloved sport can be ironed out by people in other sections of the country who may know the answers.

These are just a few—I could go on listing—but then I am just wondering if there are others who would enjoy these articles of which I speak.

I for one, really enjoy anything of the above nature because although I have enjoyed horses for many years, there are many, many things that I do not know and feel that the more I can learn the more I can enjoy my favorite sport and pastime.

Again let me say that I thoroughly enjoy The Chronicle and wish you a very prosperous 1953 (and many, many more years to come).

Sincerely,

Frank J. Gademan

December 28, 1952
Farmington, Conn.

Re Dec. 19 Editorial

Dear Sir:

I was especially interested in your last week's edition, in the editorial. I think that your statement that it was the greatest sporting weekly ever published in this country is even an understatement. I knew W. B. Curtis, the last owner and publisher very well. He gave a lot of space to track athletics, a sport in which I was interested and am still. He was a great amateur athlete, and still holds, I believe a world's amateur record for lifting. It is over 3,300 lbs., an almost unbelievable weight.

I wrote for The Chronicle many articles, most of which were obtained through having gotten hold of bound yearly copies of the weekly for 1839, 1840 and 1841. I have sent nothing in for the past two years as I have been spending all my time on writing a history of the Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club, which was organized in 1859. It is some task but I hope to finish it by March 15, when I return to Rose Tree to handle their Spring Races.

I had not read the editorial in last week's edition carefully. I did again after writing you. In the sixth paragraph, you state that after the Civil War, the "old Spirit" carried on through the Turf, Field and Farm. My statement re W. B. Curtis is correct as I read the Times religiously every week in the nineties of the last century. Mr. Curtis while climbing

Mt. Washington about 1900 was hit by a bad blizzard. Both he and his companion, a younger man, perished. Then, the Spirit was discontinued.

The main library in New York City will, no doubt, have copies of The Spirit of the Times from its inception until it was discontinued. I do not know the name of this library, or I would write to it myself about this, being of a curious mind.

Very sincerely,

George W. Orton

Dec. 22, 1952

Meridith, N. H.

(Editor's Note: The Spirit of the Times to which Mr. Orton refers is known as Wilkes' Spirit to distinguish it from the older Porter's Spirit, which was the original publication of this name.)

Editorial Comment

Sir:

I was very interested in your leading editorial in your December 26 issue on Hunter Breeding. We have stood a Thoroughbred stallion at our place for some years now, giving his services free to all farmers over whose property we hunt. One of those farmers sold a colt for next to nothing and I am told that he has finally been sold for a large sum and shipped out to the West Coast. I know that others of his get have done well in the show ring and also very well in the hunting field.

Frankly, I am disappointed with the quality of mares that the farmers have sent to him, for I feel that if they sent some with a little bit of blood, they would do better for themselves and would have more to offer prospective buyers, particularly if they would make some effort to hunt with us and to make hunters themselves. However, we have a few of his get each year to sell from mares of our own. We do not ask very high prices and one I think of particularly, was sold as a 2-year-old to a man outside of Boston for a nominal sum and I feel sure he must have doubled his money before disposing of it.

I agree with you heartily that this sort of program is the solution to the problem of where to find hunters at a reasonable price, and, as you say in your editorial, I believe that other people interested in hunting have taken somewhat similar steps. If there is anything that I can do personally to further your very worthy efforts, please let me know.

Sincerely,

M. F. H.

December 28, 1952

Corrections

Dear Sir:

I enjoyed reading the letter about Colin in your recent paper. There were a few inaccurate statements I'd like to comment upon while the matter is still fresh.

First, Major Daingerfield never trained for his brother-in-law James R. Keene—he bred every horse Mr. Keene had, being a genius on bloodlines and care. James Rowe trained the Keene horses and Colin never went to the post without a hundred dollar bill braided in his tail for Fair Play's groom should and could Fair Play (not Fan) ever catch him. Fair Play never collected that hundred. I believe Marshall Lilly, now with the Whitney's, could recall that too.

Because of Colin's greatness in this country, Mr. Keene sent him to England where Sam Darling trained him. The horse bowed and Mr. Darling would not start him as he said he was the fastest horse he ever had and he would not have him show less. The horse was retired and stood in England where he had little or no patronage as he was not eligible for their stud book. Colin was returned to this country for the Keene dispersal sale and was bought by Price McKinney, who had the Wickcliffe Stud. This stud did not last many years and when its horses were sold, Colin came to Virginia. Colin was a shy breeder, but a couple of recent

Continued On Page 19

BREEDING

AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF



Thoroughbreds

More Foreign-bred Entries For '53 Santa Anita 'Cap Than At Anytime In Its History

Septimus

All the Thoroughbreds in North America—and everywhere else north of the equator, for that matter—have just had another birthday. To them, Many Happy Returns!

Without too much reflection, however, you can put the new season down as beginning with the publication of the weights for the Santa Anita Handicap. To be sure, the race will not be run till February 28; meanwhile, though, it will be open season for having a shy at the handicapper. This is traditional, and almost always all in good fun. If I had been at Santa Anita last week for the opening of the meeting, I am sure that owners and trainers, and the amen corner in the paddock, would have given me the names of at least 20 of the 92 eligibles that were, as they put it, just pitchforked into the race, and quite as many more that had enough weight on them to break down the Brooklyn Bridge. Be that as it may, personally, I think that Webb Everett, the handicapper, has done a first class job.

It is no surprise, except, perhaps to Ben Jones their trainer, that Mr. Everett has put Calumet Farm's Hill Gail and Mark-Ye-Well at the top of the list under 130 pounds each. After all, they are the best horses in training in California. Hill Gail has not raced since he won the Kentucky Derby last May, but for some time now there have been more than encouraging reports on the progress of his training. Besides, he runs well over the track; witness his dazzling performance in the Santa Anita Derby last February. Mark-Ye-Well won the Arlington Classic, the American Derby, and the Lawrence Realization Stakes, which entitles him to a five-bells rating, or some such Hollywood distinction. Next, under 128 pounds each, are two foreign invaders, Delray, from New Zealand, and Yatasto, from the Argentine.

*Delray, a 4-year-old, by Balloch—Broivene, won Australia's famous Melbourne Cup last November from a field of 29 runners. What is more, he carried 138 pounds. Not since Phar Lap, who is still practically an idol Down Under, won in 1930, has a horse carried as high weight to victory. His appearance in California is doubtful, however; several months ago Abe Hirschberg, a San Franciscan, offered around \$100,000 Dalray, but the deal fell through when a vet reported that the colt's knees were no better than they should be. Whether Cyril Neville, who owns *Dalray, will send him to America has not been decided; but

if he is going to he had better get busy about it. *Yatasto, a brown horse by Selim Hassan—Yucca, has been beaten only once in three seasons of racing in South America. His owner Roberto Sbarbaro, a Uruguayan, plans to ship Yatasto to California shortly. Actually, right now, *Dalray and *Yatasto are still 4-year-olds in their own countries, where the age of racers change on July 1, but if they came to this country they would immediately become 5-year-olds.

Intent, which finished 1st in the Santa Anita Handicap last year, but was disqualified because of West-rop's foul riding, is going to try again; this time under 127 pounds, one above the scale. Last year he carried 111, fifteen under the scale. *Windy City (126 pounds), is still out of luck. As you may remember, he was the best 2-year-old in Europe in 1951, but he was so hurried and messed up in his training after he arrived in California that he never was within 10 pounds of his top form last winter, and finally went lame in the Santa Anita Derby. Well, he went lame again while galloping one morning at Santa Anita several weeks ago, and the chances are you can forget about him.

Mr. Everett gives a high rating to Calumet's A Gleam, putting her in at 124 pounds, but that is no more than she deserves, inasmuch as she won five stakes races last season. Incidentally only one other member of the sex is in the Santa Anita Handicap, a mare named *Wandering Ways, weighted at 119 pounds.

Although there are not so many nominations for the Santa Anita Handicap as in other years—the all time high is 134, back in 1946—there are more foreign-bred entries than ever before. Altogether, there are 18; in addition to those already mentioned, Max Bell of Calgary, Alberta, has named three, Consider 2nd, an Australian horse, Wandering Ways, a New Zealand mare, and Irish Hemp, an Irish colt which ran in the International Race at Laurel last autumn; H. H. Helbush has entered Nearque, a French colt, and Royal Blue, an Irish one; Abe Hirschberg also has two, Thirteen of Diamonds, winner of the Irish Derby last season, and Legend of Confey, winner of a couple of stakes races in Ireland. Also there are three from the Argentine, a couple from England, and one from Mexico.

Of the local talent, Lights Up, winner of the Golden Gate Handicap, the Golden Gate Mile, and the San

Francisco Handicap; Phil D., winner of the San Antonio Handicap, and that hardy perennial Moonrush, seem the best. At any rate, Lights up is in at 123 pounds, Phil D. at 122, and Moonrush at 120.

Although Santa Anita's sixteenth racing season got off to a good start—from all accounts, the crowd was large and enthusiastic, and J. Longden, nimble as ever, rode the first winner of the meeting, and another one later in the day for good measure—Calumet Farm did not. E. Arcaro, who rode A Gleam, the red hot favorite in Los Flores Handicap, and the Calumet filly, which bore out in the run through the stretch, could do no better than finish 3rd. The winner was Spanish Cream, a 15-1 chance, ridden by Guerin. Jockey Arcaro, however, did ride a winner next day; a 2-year-old named Bingle, which raced for Llangollen Farm last summer.

Like so many other events with the tag of "champion" the California Breeders' Champion Stakes hardly lived up to its name. Speaking of names, those of some of the runners in the race last week were more worthy of note than their past performances. For example, there was Busterbegood, and Laughin Louie, and Tee Dee Gee, none of which were in the money, by the way. The winner, De Anza, picked up about \$30,000 of the purse, which seems a tidy sum for a colt that had won only twice before.

And that's all I have to say for

the past season. Retrospects are poor things at best; as a rule they are pretty dull. I will say, however, I shall be delighted not to be hearing any more about A. DeSpirito's efforts to set a new jockey record. Not that it mattered very much one way or another; still, it was pretty boring to read nothing from Tropical Park, which, by the way, is having a first-rate meeting, but fulsome accounts of how many winners the young man had ridden that afternoon.

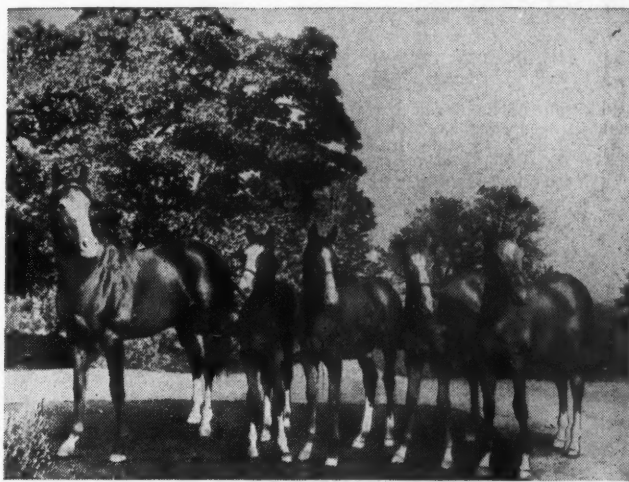
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Breeding Notes

Libba, Another Stakes Winner For Salaminaia; Things Are Not Always What They Seem

Karl Koontz

Libba's victory in the Hurricane Handicap at Tropical Park had its beginning around a dinner table in Kentucky in December, some 17 years back. Major Louie A. Beard had as his guest one evening, Hal Price Headley, the master of Beaumont. In the course of the evening Major Beard asked Mr. Headley to which stallion he would breed his good mare Alcibiades, if he had his choice. Now Alcibiades was a winner of the Arlington Oaks, the Kentucky Oaks, Clipsetta, and the Churchill Downs Debutante Stakes, and was 2nd in the Kentucky Jockey Club stakes, to Desert Light, beating Gallant Knight. As a producer she had gotten Menow, which at that time was only a promising colt, and the top filly Sparta.

Mr. Headley replied that he would take Man o'War; whereupon Major Beard, presented his friend with a service to that mighty stallion as a Christmas gift. The result was the chestnut filly Salaminaia, which carried the "navy blue, and white" of Beaumont's owner to victory in the Alabama Stakes, Ladies and Gallant Fox Handicaps. In these races she beat the tops—such as Fairy Chant, Hash, War Plumage, Piquet, Damaged Goods, War beauty and others.

When retired to the stud, Salaminaia produced all fillies, including the stakes winner Athenia, winner of over \$105,000, and the stakes placing Pella and Aegina. Libba is her latest "titled" offspring. In winning the 1 1-16 miles Hurricane 'Cap, the bay 4-year-old Sir Damion mare turned in 1.43 3-5 for the distance—record standing at 1.42 2-5.

Libba may become a power among the older mares, but her greatest potential lies as a broodmare. The female line of her pedigree is that of Menow, Lithe, Sparta, Regal Lily, and War Regalia; while her sire line of the family sponsors such as Pellicle, Galla Damion, Witch Sir, Sir Bee Bum, Strlette, and others. Sir Damion is by that great sire of bloodmares *Sir Gallahad III, and is out of the *Omar Khayyam mare Omniad, also ancestress of Pomayya, Dare Me, Dart By, Atalanta, Gallant Sir, Miss Keeneland, and others.

The early darkness of winter evenings often brings on a few hours that seem to drag heavily. Often horsemen will resort to old copies of periodicals that have been laid aside during the busy season, or if particularly ambitious and not planning or plotting how to get a season to a popular stud, may even rummage through old books stored away in attics or in deep closets.

The only danger in this later occupation is that you never know just what you might come up with. Such was the lot of this department and we came up with one that is certainly a sardine version of the old time "David Harum" horse dealer's handbook—almost buried in a thing called a Loose Leaf Farm Ac-

counting System for Farmers. A tour through its pages revealed that it contained everything from "How to understand your income tax" (what an idea of big figures they had back in the 20's), "Some tests of Farm Efficiency", and the like. But the aforementioned section on horse dealings, entitled "Horse Information for Protection", with a sub heading called "Some special rules for horse buyers to protect them from the horse dealers tricks", was a real "find".

It appears from the text given that the auto dealers counterpart were as sharp as the modern day dealers in modes of transportation. There are paragraphs on "how to conceal the heaves (a third pound of small bird shot, or a liberal dosing of gin—the latter causing the horse to appear much more spirited than usual until the drunkenness has passed away)", "how to cover up lameness", "how to make a horse fleshy in a short time", and the like.

The gem of the lot, in our opinion was "How spots are put upon a horse and how the color is changed". If you are the owner of a grey horse and want a black one, here is the "simple" procedure to get your animal to the color you desire. First off you beat up a half pound of powdered quicklime with four ounces of litharge and over the mixture you pour lye. Then you boil this unholy compound and skim off the scum. This contains the coloring matter and is applied to such parts of the animal as are desired black..

This data further reveals that you can also make a chestnut or bay horse, black by the use of much the same mixture, with some slight variations. However the item that struck our fancy was the note telling of how to put white markings on a dark horse.

Should your horse happen to be one of those unflashy horses which no one remarks about at covert or ring side, you too, like the beauty ads, can have a flashy horse just like your friends. If you would like something simple like a white star in the forehead, you take a piece of tow-line and cut it in the shape of the star. Then you spread warm pitch on the rope and stick it fast to the place intended for marking, after the surface has previously been shaved. You leave this mess on for four or five days, then remove and wash the spot with smart water or elixir of vitriol four times a day until well. When the hair reappears (if it ever does), it will be white. However our source of information fails to say just how long it will stay white.

In the days when this accounting book was useful, it would not have been impossible to buy a black horse with white markings from a dealer, get caught in a rain storm, and arrive at home with a solid bay, chestnut or even grey horse.

Racing Notes

Steeplechase Trainer J. V. H. Davis Once Leading Hunt Meeting Rider

Easy Mark

The leading trainer for the combined records of the hunt meetings and U. S. tracks is former gentleman rider J. V. H. "Bobby" Davis, who rode his last winner over jumps in 1947, when he had the mount on A. Stern's Tourist Index in the Gardner Cassatt Challenge Cup, a 2-mile brush race, at the Radnor Hunt Spring Meeting. Although Mr. Davis held a license as an amateur jockey in 1948 and '49, he has confined his activities since 1947 chiefly in the trainers' ranks, which he stepped into after a long career as a gentleman rider. In 1952 the horses which he trained scored 17 victories and put him on top of the list for trainers who ply their trade at hunt meetings and those tracks in this country which still chart the sport which requires the most skill from both the horse and rider.

It was over 20 years ago that "Bobby" Davis had one of his best years on the hunt meeting circuit as a rider. In 1931 he tied James E. Ryan for the lead in victories at the hunt meetings. Both of the leaders scored 11 victories, 6 2nds and 3 3rds. However, it took Mr. Ryan only 27 mounts to Mr. Davis' 31 to score this total. This was a great year for the hunt meeting sport as the 3rd name on the list was that of the late Noel Laing, who scored 10 victories, 10 2nds and 3 3rds with 34 mounts to come in close on the heels of the two leaders. The competition among the riders must have been keen that year as other names which appear as scoring 3 or more victories were, G. H. "Pete" Bostwick with 9; Allison Stern with 8; J. T. Skinner with 7; William B. Streett with 7; D. D. Odell 6; C. R. White 6; W. G. Whitney 6; Morris H. Dixon 5; Rigan McKinney 4; F. Houghton 4; C. W. Shaw, Jr. 4; L. E. Stoddard, Jr. 4; R. B. Young 4; Sidney H. Hirst 4; J. Kwatek 4; J. O'Malley 3; and J. Bowes Bond 3. The hunt meetings of that day couldn't ask for a finer array of riding talent.

J. V. H. Davis started his string of 11 victories in 1931, by winning the Carolina Cup on Mill Creek Stables' Sea Soldier, finishing 2nd to Sea Soldier, a chestnut gelding by Man o'War—Sea Name, by *Sea Horse II, (foaled in 1922) was Mrs. F. P. Garvan's Seaplant, ridden by "Randy" Duffey.

His next victory was on H. W. Smith's Lipingo in the Sand River Steeplechase at Aiken, S. C. The event was a 2-mile brush race and the 2nd horse was Wayside Stables' Isabell, ridden by R. W. Pomeroy, Jr. J. A. Hale had a mount in this race as did the late Crompton Smith.

The 3rd victory for Mr. Davis was in the Middleburg Hunt Cup, a 4-mile timber race. This race had 7 starters with 7 gentlemen riders up and Sea Soldier defeated Mrs. J. H. Whitney's (now Mrs. Cooper Person) Hennegouwen with Mr. W. B. Streett up. The next start for Sea Soldier with Mr. Davis up, was in The Maryland Hunt Cup, which was won by Soissons, ridden by Mr. J. T. Skinner. Sea Soldier lost his rider at the 20th fence. Brose Hover, with Mr. Crawford Burton up, fell at the 2nd but came back to be the only other horse to finish. The race was between Reel Foot and Sea Soldier until both horses lost their riders at the 20th. Mr. G. A. Saportas, Jr. had the mount on Reel Foot.

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Davis' record is Mrs. John Hay Whitney's Game Coq in the first division of the Prospect Plate, a 2-mile brush race at Rose Tree's Spring Meeting. Mr. Morris H. Dixon rode his Bolton for the place money. This brush race had 7 starters in the first section and 8 in the 2nd. The second division was also won by Mrs. John Hay Whitney, with her Iridescent, Mr. W. B. Streett up.

The 5th victory was on Augustus F. Goodwin's Marbro in a 2 1-2 mile brush race at the Fifth Annual Race Meeting at Raceland, Framingham Centre, Mass. Seven started and finished in this one and Mr. Davis got some real competition from the gentlemen riders of that day. Noel Laing finished 2nd on Annapolis; Rigan McKinney 3rd on Isolateur II; Randy Duffey 4th on Cervena Krev; Bobby Young 5th on Stonleigh Park; W. B. Streett 6th on Red Sublett B, which made the running for two circuits of the course; and last was Ray Wolfe on Lunar.

Land Boy was the 6th winner for this year's leading hunt meeting and U. S. track chasing trainer. This was in the Eastern Horse Club Hunters' Steeplechase 'Cap, which was a 2 1-2 mile brush race at the Saratoga meeting and was for amateur riders. There were only 3 starters. Rose Dunstan with W. B. Streett up finished 2nd and Cervena Krev, ridden by Crompton Smith, 3rd.

Mr. Davis scored again on Land Boy in the 2 1-2 mile John Peel Steeplechase 'Cap at Woodbine Park, Toronto, Canada, on September 30 of 1931. Eight started in the race but only 3 finished. The late John Bosley, Jr., owned the place and show horses. Howard Johnson was up on Mr. Bosley's Dragon de Vertu and Tony Smith on Tony the Clown.

The eighth winner was Robert Appleton's Robin Hood, which won the 2 1-2 mile Annandale Steeplechase, at the 5th Annual Meeting of the Ensign Steeplechase, held at Bedford, N. Y. Robin Hood broke on top in the race and ran in front all the way to win by 2 lengths. Five started and 3 finished the race.

The United Hunts Racing Association Meeting, at Belmont Park on Nov. 3, was the scene for Mr. Davis' 9th victory. This time he rode Tony the Clown in the Weld Steeplechase to defeat Foxcatcher Farms' Fairy Girl, ridden by M. H. Dixon.

At the Maryland Jockey Club Fall Meeting, Pimlico, Md., on Nov. 11, J. V. H. Davis again rode Land Boy to win the Masters of Foxhounds Steeplechase, a 3-mile brush race in which he defeated Noel Laing on Annapolis. This brought his victory skein to 10.

The last and the 11th victory for the 1931 season came at the Piedmont Fox Hounds Race Meeting, which was held at Llangollen Farm, Upperville, Va., on Nov. 17. Mr. Davis had the mount on Mrs. J. H. Whitney's Thornbrack to score over a field of 3 in a 4-mile timber race. Mrs. W. C. Langley's Rainbow, with Mr. E. S. Potter up, finished 2nd and Mrs. Louis Okie's The Albatross 3rd, with Mr. H. J. Duffey, Jr. up.

One can readily see from the list of Mr. Davis' winners that he had a great year in 1931, also that the hunt meetings had an outstanding season. We blinked our eyes when we made a rough check of the number of riders who rode in more than one race; the woods was full of them; there were over 300, and it looks like the owners had no trouble finding a rider, but a hard time in picking one out of the list. As for horses the list was so long that it must have been twice that of the number of riders. The number of hunt meetings exceeded by far the present day total.

A young man who got his riding start in those days received a thorough schooling in the sport of steeplechasing and like J. V. H. Davis should have a wonderful background for a successful training career. Many of today's successful steeplechase trainers were keen competitors as riders in 1931.

FOR SALE -- BROODMARES

Mr. F. Ambrose Clark is giving up breeding and the following mares are for sale.

IRISH PENNANT, b. m., foaled 1944 by *Bahram—Minant.
Foaled a filly in 1951 and a colt in 1952. This mare is now in foal to BY JIMMINY.

WHIRL COLUMBIA, b. m., foaled in 1946 by Whirlaway—Columbiana. Foaled a colt in 1951 and a filly in 1952. Now in foal to BETTER SELF.

FLYING SHIP, b. m., foaled 1946 by War Admiral—Bird Flower.. Now in foal to Prince Simon.

These mares have had nothing to race.

Address inquiries to:

Clinton E. White, agent

c/o F. AMBROSE CLARK
Westbury, L. I., N. Y.

News From The Studs

Lexington Area Can Claim Foaling Honors In Spite of Year-End Polls Disagreement

Frank Talmadge Phelps

California To Kentucky

To hear Kentucky horsemen talk, you might suppose that the only good thing ever to come out of the West is the money Californians pay for Kentucky horses. But just let a real good horse come from California to stand in Kentucky, and watch the scramble to get mares into his book!

It took just a few weeks to fill the books of On Trust, leased by Walter J. Salmon's Mereworth Farm near Lexington; and Mrs. John Payson Adams' *Miche, which is entering stud at Miss Mildred W. Woolwine's White Oaks Farm, also at Lexington. The Argentine-bred grey *Miche, by Michel—Pura Suerte, by Cocles, earned \$225,685, most of it out West. On Trust, a son of *Alibhai—Torch Rose, by Torchilla, and hence full brother to the 1952 stakes winner Trusting, is California's greatest money-gleaner, with a bank account of \$554,145.

Fleeting Star

Fleeting Star, owned by R. A. Parachek of Toledo, Ohio, will enter stud this spring at Charles W. Black's Silver Lake Farm, on the Georgetown Road outside Frankfort, Ky. Kentuckians remember how Fleeting Star, then racing for his breeder, Charles T. Fisher's Dixiana, wore down Ol' Skipper, Sun Herod and other good horses to win the seven-furlong Churchill Downs Handicap in a fine 1:24 flat over an "off" track back in 1950. A son of Count Fleet, Fleeting Star is out of that Dixiana "blue hen" Far Star, which took the 1933 Arlington Futurity and Lincoln Fields Debutante Stakes. Far Star has also foaled, to the cover of different stallions, the stakes victors Star Boarder (by Sweep All), Star Reward (by Reaping Reward) and Sabaeon (by Chaledon); and Saran (by Black Servant or *St. Germans), dam of Here's Hoping.

Foaling Honors

The year-end polls could not agree on whether Alfred G. Vanderbilt's Native Dancer or Mrs. Walter M. Jeffords' One Count was the best horse racing in 1952. In either case, the Lexington, Ky., area can claim the foaling honors for the year. Mr. Vanderbilt's 2-year-old champion was foaled at Dan W. Scott's farm on the Russell Cave Pike outside Lexington, where his dam was to be bred to Amphitheatre. Mrs. Jeffords' 3-year-old champ first appeared at Mr. and Mrs. Jeffords' portion of Faraway Farm on the Huffman Mill Pike, which turns off the Russell Cave Pike.

Divisional Leaders

Most of the season's other divisional leaders were also foaled near Lexington. F. Ambrose Clark's Tear-Maker, the sprint specialist, at Cy F. White's Elmeade Farm, another Russell Cave Pike establishment where the late Mrs. Clark was then boarding her mares; Mrs. E. E. Dale Shaffer's Sweet Patootie, 2-year-old filly champion, at Mr. Shaffer's former Coldstream Stud on the Newtown Pike; Calumet Farm's Real Delight, top 3-year-old miss, at Mrs. Gene Markey's Calumet on the Versailles Pike; and Mrs. Ogden Phipps' Oedipus, one of the two steeplechase champions named, bred by the late Colonel E. R. Bradley's Idle Hour Stock Farm on the Old Frankfort Pike.

Charfran Stable's Crafty Admiral, the older handicap champ, was also a Kentucky foal. He was bred by Harry F. Guggenheim, probably at Arthur B. Hancock's Claiborne Stud near Paris, Ky. Mr. Guggenheim keeps most of his mares at Claiborne.

"Out of State" Foals

The only non-Kentucky foals to gain divisional championships, both named in the Thoroughbred Racing Associations poll, were Mr. Vanderbilt's Next Move, best older mare; and James F. McHugh's Jam, the TRA choice for the steeplechase

title. Next Move was foaled in California, where her dam was to be bred to *Beau Pere. Mr. Vanderbilt also bred Jam, presumably at his Maryland farm.

Visiting Vet

Howard White, Lexington, Ky., veterinarian and former Manager of Walter J. Salmon's Mereworth Stud, spent the Christmas holidays with relatives in Nebraska. With breeding activities at their winter ebb, this is one of the few times during the year when a "vet" can take time off. At Mereworth, Dr. White gave the first major and prolonged trial to the low-level phenothiazine treatment now generally accepted as the most effective control for bloodworms.

South Bound

Business will be combined with pleasure for Lexington, Ky., Trainer Strother Griffin and his son, who are heading for Florida's vaunted sunshine. On the way to Miami, they plan to stop at Ocala to visit Leonard Hale, now Manager of W. E. Leach's Dickey Stables.

Kentucky to California

Kentucky, which Californians like to accuse of spiriting away such noted or potentially noteworthy stallions as *Beau Pere, *Alibhai, *Noor, On Trust and *Miche, may have to return the accusation in the case of Isidore Bieber's *Basileus II. The French-bred son of Victrix—*Barberybush II, by *Ksar, stood at Dr. Charles E. Hagyard's place, which he then called Greenridge Farm, near Lexington, Ky., in 1949. But blue Grass breeders were so unimpressed by him that over half of his first crop, now 2 years old, are out of mares owned by Mr. Bieber and his partner, Hirsch Jacobs. So *Basileus II was sent to California for stud duty.

That first crop has included the slow-developing but impressive Fresh Meadow, who came to Bowie's weather bedeviled fall meeting still a maiden. Before the meet closed, however, he had won the Belair Stud Handicap and two other races; and was beaten a length in the Maryland Gold Cup. Handicapper John B. Campbell has let it be known that he was highly impressed by the performances of Fresh Meadow, owned by Mr. Bieber.

*Basileus II's only American victory came in the 1948 Southern Maryland Handicap; but in France he took the Grand Prix de Deauville, Prix du Conseil Municipal, Pres des Sablons and 3,283,610 francs. A full brother to Bergeronnette and a half-brother to *Blue Berry, both stakes victors in France, *Basileus II cost Mr. Bieber \$40,000 at a Keeneland dispersal of some of the late Joseph E. Widener's foreign-bred horses in 1946.

Not Vitamin Pills

Walter M. Jeffords takes exception to published reports attributing One Count's belated success to "vitamin pills" which were supposed to have cured his pernicious anemia early in 1952. In the first place, Mrs. Jeffords' 1952 "Horse of the Year" (in the Daily Racing Form poll) did not have pernicious anemia; in the second place, the "pills" were actually a liquid tonic sold by nearly all veterinarians; and in the third place, Mr. Jeffords thinks the tonic had less to do with One Count's development than his unusually late breaking.

The son of Count Fleet—Ace Card, by Case Ace, was not shipped from the Jeffords' portion of Faraway Farm near Lexington, Ky., until December of his yearling season. He was to be broken at Annapolis, Md.; but the severe winter of 1950-51 hindered his schooling. When the stable moved to Laurel, all the horses came down with influenza and had to be eased up in their training. As a result, One Count was never fully broken until June of his 2-year-old season; and, although he won one race late that year, never really began to show promise until he reached Hialeah early in 1952.

Merryland Farm

Hyde, Maryland

DANNY SHEA

ALAKING

Ch., 1938

by Equipoise—Ancient Queen, by *Archaic

From Alaking's first 6 crops, 75 percent of his starters have won . . . and 82 percent of his foals have raced. From Alaking's first 3 crops came 13 winners from 16 foals, and 7 of these winners were still winning at 6 and over.

ALAKING is not only a consistent sire of winners but also a sire of good stakes winners. He sired Senator Joe which has won about \$70,000, has also won the 1952 Primary Day 'Cap breaking a 42-year-old track record at Pimlico. He is also the sire of Jeannie C., winner of the Havre de Grace Breeders' Stakes. He is also the sire of Ann's Love, (out of Evening Shot), winner of \$7,500 Bowie Breeders' Stakes and 2nd in the \$50,000 Maryland Gold Cup, both of which races were run at the current Bowie meet.

ALAKING was a very fast stakes-class son of Equipoise. He is full brother to the stakes winner, Lotopose, dam of Lotowhite (\$123,650), half-brother to stakes winners Modern Queen, The Queen, White Label, and to Pelerine, grandam of Pellicle, Stole, Pelt. Of Ancient Queen's 9 named foals, 6 won or placed in stakes.

Book Full 1952—1953 Fee \$500

Refund November 1st

(Property of Mrs. Edna G. Hullcoat)

CASSIS

Br., 1939,

by *Bull Dog—Gay Knightess, by *Bright Knight

From his first foals which started racing last year, CASSIS had out four two-year-old winners: Promising (5 races), More Better (2 races), Sweet Vermouth and Windsor Park. He is also sire of the winners Merry Sizzle, Froggy, Joyce's Joy, Mid Stream, Red Emperor, Bit-o-Moon, Bill Herson, Ridge Runner, Orfero, Beebeedasha, Jen-e-V, Tattooed Lady.

CASSIS was a brilliant sprinter. He won stakes from 2 to 7 years, a total of 20 races and \$101,382. His wins included the Christiana Stakes, Benjamin Franklin, Valley Forge, Fall Highweight, (twice, in 1:11-1/5 and 1:08-4/5), Rosben (1:10-3/5), Princeton and Vosburgh Handicaps.

By the great sire *Bull Dog, and out of Gay Knightess, sister to Gallant Knight (\$134,229) and to the stakes winner Gallant Mac, CASSIS comes from the excellent No. 2 family.

Fee \$350 and Return

TURBINE

B., 1942,

by Burning Blaze—Lucky Jean, by Incantation

TURBINE'S first foals are now yearlings. Horsemen are invited to inspect the get of this young winner of \$186,800 from the male line of Campfire, Big Blaze, Burning Blaze, Burning Star, etc.

TURBINE'S record as a racehorse places him among the top flight from this great American male line. He won 24 races and \$186,800 . . . he set a new American record (1-1/16 miles in 1:42-2/5—turf), set four track records, equalled another—from 6 furlongs to 1-3/16 miles at Gulfstream, Detroit, Havre de Grace, and Atlantic City.

TURBINE won the All America, Trenton, Havre de Grace, Spring, and St. Clair Handicaps. He placed in other important stakes, and finished in the money in 56 races. He retired sound.

Private Contract

(Property of Morton Newmeyer)

Cockfighting

Ancient Sport of Turf and Sod Runs Afoul Of Law With Disastrous Results

C. R. Acton

(Final Installment)

Outside The Law

A history of the sod, however brief, must of necessity include the story of those years when cockfighting flourished throughout the land, in places barely in secret; flourished indeed under the patronage of the most highly born of our nation.

The last "public" cocking resort in England was the Gallowgate pit in Newcastle, where mains were fought for several years after the legislation was passed forbidding the sport. Here match bills were still published, tickets of admission printed, and the public admitted, and for years no one said the promoters nay.

Charles Faultless

Hardly to be described as "public", yet very generously patronised, was the famous cellar of Charles Faultless.

Faultless was one of the many cockers "left-over" from the legal years, and he practised his art in semi-secrecy for a long period of illegality.

He owned an ironmonger's shop in Endell Street, London; downstairs was a long cellar lined with cockpens. This cellar led to another cellar, circular in build and which contained the cockpit. Here was the scene of countless mains, and I do not exaggerate when I say that those secret contests were attended by some of the flower of our sporting world.

Headed by one exalted visitor, the habitués included the then Duke of Hamilton, Sir John Astley and many others of the aristocracy; scions of the old cock-fighting families still preserved the ancient game, and here were seen representatives of many famous breeds of cocks whose pedigrees were jealously cherished by the owners whose names were written large in the history of our land, in war, in politics, as well as in sport. With such influential backing small wonder that Charles Faultless flourished despite the legal ban, indeed his cellar became one of the sights of London. Foreign royalties when visiting this country, and ambassadors from other lands, were taken to the historic site where was perpetuated the sport of our ancestors.

Faultless died in 1908, and during his long life well he carried the title that he enjoyed, "The King of the Cockers." Born in Walsall, he was first shakestraw to Hines, next to Vardell the feeder to Hugh Cobden, and in his turn became feeder and setter. Amongst his early patrons was the then Duke of Beaufort who engaged him to feed the ducal birds for a main against the Earl of Sef-ton, afterwards for years he assisted the great Hugh Cobden, a period of success which included triumphant visits to Worcester, where they beat Squire Smith, to Newmarket, the West of England and London Town itself.

In the West were flourishing Bowden and Harris, two yeoman-cockers of the old school, both fanciers of the famous Cornish birds. Faultless beat them both; but to defeat Bowden, to the Devonian's horror, he produced a showing of Cornish cocks similar to those of the West Country-man!

Faultless owned a fine collection of paintings of game fowl, including "Peace and War", by Marshall, "Cock-fighting", by Alken, as well as many portraits in oils of birds of his own breeding. He also had on his walls pictures of famous cockers, Sir John Astley, John Harris, Hugh Cobden, amongst others.

When he died, the respect in which he was held was shown by the huge cortege of sportsmen of every rank of life who attended the final rites in Paddington Cemetery.

Thus, then, the sport of cock-fighting in semi-secrecy in London; in the country it flourished with less influential backing but in more romantic surroundings.

George Muscott

George Muscott was the tenant of

a little farm that had been fortified during the Civil Wars, moated and castellated, it had the appearance of a fortress, as indeed it was, a stronghold in truth.

It was reputed to have been haunted by the ghost of a priest who had attempted to climb the ramparts during a period of seige, both the sacerdotal hands were chopped off, and the spectre with foreshortened arms was said to have frequented the scene of his earthly disaster, a grim and horrible vision.

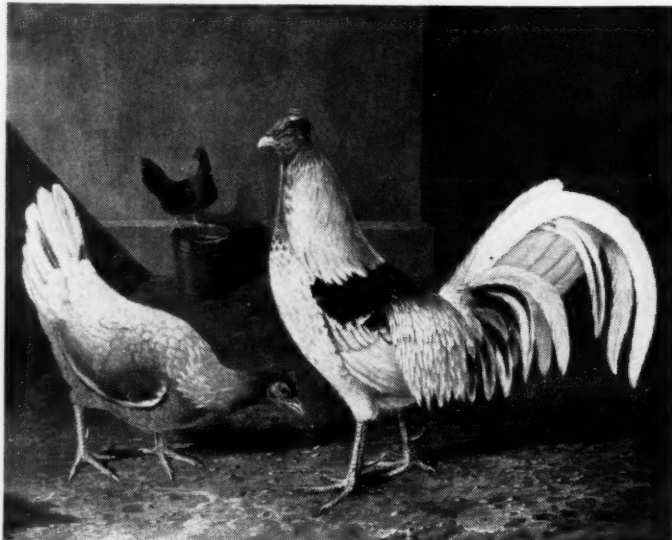
In these surroundings, pregnant with the atmosphere of yester-year, the sport of the sod was continued in recent days, George Muscott dying only a few years back.

Here congregated many South Midland and West Country cockers, perhaps the most famous of whom was Mellish of Tetbury, the grandson of that Colonel Mellish who blazed his trail across the Turf and Sod in such dashing style in Regency times.

Like his grandsire, Mellish was a heavy wagerer, so was Muscott, thus exciting indeed were the occasions when the Mellish greys took the sod.

John Harris and Parson Russell

Farther West the sport was chiefly in the hands of yeomen and clergy-



GAME COCK AND HEN

(Courtesy E. J. Rousuck)

men, the greatest of the former being John Harris, of Liskeard, and of the latter the most celebrated name is Parson Jack Russell, of Porlock.

Harris was one of the last to have carried the name of "Father of the Sod".

This lovable old veteran, squarely-built with square-shaped white beard, lived to a good old age, his death taking place in 1910. His career as a cocker is perpetuated in the Life and Letters of John Harris by H. A. (Herbert Atkinson), and this short biography shows him as being a simple, straightforward and trustworthy character, hardworking and fond of sport.

He fought his first main when fifteen years old, the parish constable keeping order in the pit! A Cornishman, he specialised in the Cornish Hennies, many of them grouse-coloured, a wonderful type of fighting machine.

Harris fought not only in Cornwall, but in Newmarket, Wales, the North of England, but chiefly in the West.

He was the recognized authority on game-fowl of all kinds, wrote in sporting papers over the signature "Game-Cock", and his fame penetrated to the United States whither he exported many of his birds, famous alike for contest and for show.

Of Jack Russell it is safe to say that never has there been a more popular or respected character in the ranks of those sporting parsons who have done so much for the Church of England:

Russell loved sport, but he never let his parish suffer by neglect of his holy calling.

What sporting names to conjure with, Jack Russell, John Harris, Lord Fortescue, Nicholas Snow; they are dead and gone, but I love to think that their spirits revisit the scenes of their earthly enjoyment, that they have not completely been severed from the craggy cliffs of Cornwall or the golden expanses of Exmoor.

Sport in the North

And now, a far cry from Devon and Cornwall, we will see how the sport of cocking was carried on in the North. An old toast in cock-fighting circles was "The Three C's" (Cornwall, Cumberland and Cheshire).

In the last two named counties the sport was carried on in very different ways, though each was a stronghold of the game.

In Cumberland the miners took over the sport from the aristocratic Border families, and many were the secret mains fought in disused pit-heads, and on the rugged slopes of the wild Cumbrian Hills.

In Cheshire, Dr. Bellyse overlapped the legal period, and the chief mains were fought, with the sporting doctor as the central figure, during the week of Chester Races.

But cocking was not confined to Cheshire and Cumberland, the racing fraternity of the North fought at Middleham, whilst in Liverpool Lancashire possessed a very hot-bed of the sport.

Larkhill

At Larkhill, the family of Jones, three brothers known as Oliver, Bengy and Wengy, formerly owned

setters in England.

Bill Gilliver, also, was a bit of an autocrat; was he not responsible for the rule of picking a cock up in one's own corner? No one before Bill Gilliver's time had ever heard of such a thing.

The two presented a striking contrast in appearance: "Bill" tall, quite aristocratic looking with his clean-shaven features and aquiline nose; old "Daddy" round-shouldered, rather squat of figure and slightly querulous in manner.

Yearly Fixtures

A yearly feature at Larkhill was a main between George Reeks and Bengy Jones. These two old friends had very well matched strains of birds, and the betting was always heavy.

There was, in fact, too much of the financial element at the Larkhill mains; a very tough crowd of Liverpool bookmakers used to stand in one corner and the wagering was fast and furious.

Another annual fixture was Harry Gleister against the best that Newmarket could produce, and when I say that other principals hailed from the New Forest, from Oxfordshire and Wiltshire, whilst Mellish brought his birds from Gloucestershire, it will be seen that Larkhill enjoyed a popularity unequalled by any other cocking centre except Newmarket.

"The Firm"

All of which brings us round to the metropolis of racing where cocking flourished to such an extent that the mains were openly spoken of, and betting upon them was conducted as blatantly as upon the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgehire.

For many years there flourished in Newmarket a confederacy known as "The Firm", their members were Charles Boyce, "Teddy" Edwards and the jockey Nat Flatman. They fought silver-greys and the members of the brotherhood sported tie pins which bore crossed hands and a silver-grey cock, the whole encircled with the words "The Firm". One of these pins, the last one known to be extant, found its way by an extraordinary roundabout route into the hands of Felix Leach, who treasures any memento of bygone sport.

Newmarket

Many owners, trainers and jockeys fought their cocks at Newmarket; on both sides of the High Street were bred birds galore, whilst in nearly all of the farms—both agricultural and stud—surrounding the town at least a game-cock stalked at walk, the monarch of all he surveyed.

For many years Bill Gilliver was the most sought after feeder amongst Newmarket cockers. This old sportsman was keen on racing and boxing besides the fighting of the cocks; for several seasons Messrs. Weatherby's sent him a pass to the paddocks as a recognition of his having detected the painting of a horse's legs in a well known racing ramp and of his reporting the matter to them.

Sporting old Bill Gilliver, his mind was in the cock-pit until the very end. His last words were: "The short law is in, and I can't peck."

This death-bed scene of a fighter is comparable to the famous picture of the sportsman dying on his bed, his enfleebing eyes watching two cocks fighting. The picture is entitled "Game to the Last", and is said to have been inspired by the twelfth Earl of Derby.

There were several places in Newmarket where mains were staged, but the chief centre was Lordship Farm, then occupied by Joe Cannon. Joe always appeared to be hard up, but, cherry sportsman as he was, it never seemed to bother him.

He was the most popular man of his time in Newmarket, and lavish was his hospitality to all who came to Lordship on cocking bent. Thus for years the sport of the sod flourished in the Capital of the Turf, and now I will relate how this period ceased, and cock-fighting failed further to enjoy its blissful immunity from legal intrusion.

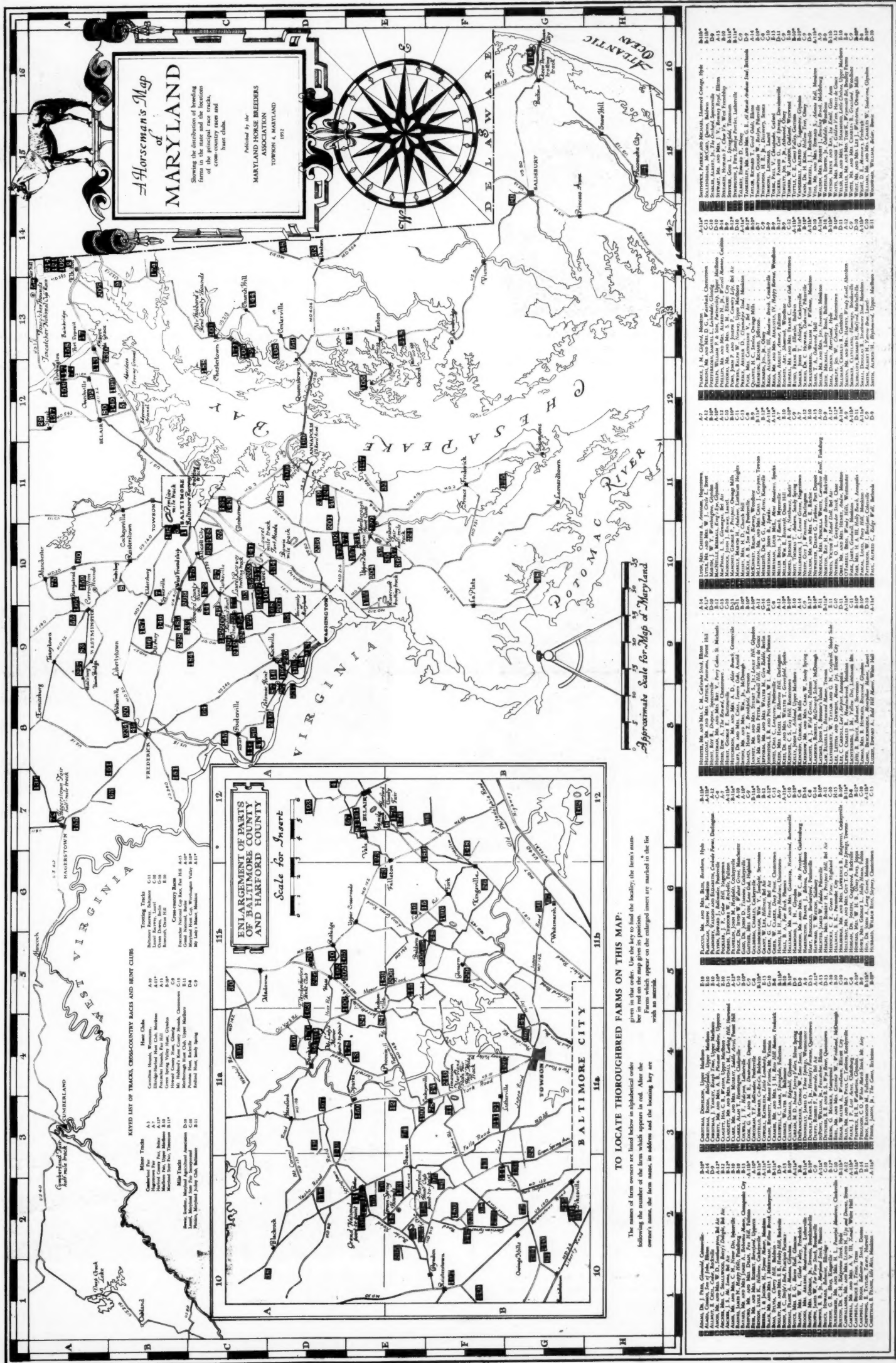
The Climax

Many uninterrupted mains had perhaps made the participants careless; possibly "the office" was given too many to come as visitors; be that as it may, it was from inside that the news leaked, and the fact stands out that Newmarket cock-

Continued On Page 18

THE HORSEMEN'S MAP OF MARYLAND—the original is in color and is approximately 32 by 22 inches.

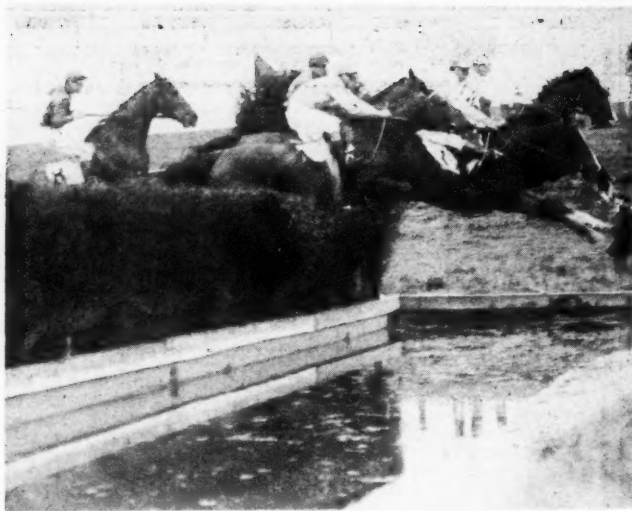
(Reprinted through the courtesy of The Maryland Horse)



Memorable 'Chasing Photos of '52



J. M. Mulford's Proceed (No. 3) had the lead when Photographer Morgan snapped this one during the running of the Temple Gwathmey. Following him are Oedipus (No. 5), Gerrymander (1A), and the eventual winner The Mast (No. 8).



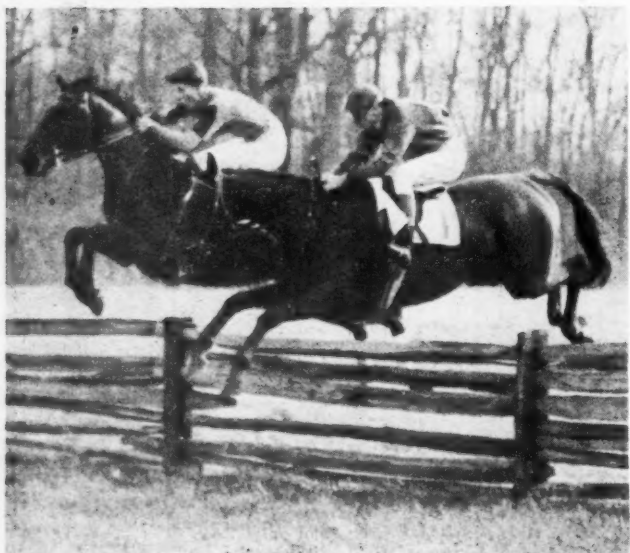
Photographer Larimore flipped the button as Sydney Culver's *High Road led My Good Man, Night Patrol, *McGinty Moore sandwiched in behind, with Crown Royal trailing, over the water jump in the Virginia Steeplechase.



In the Peter Hand Cup Photographer Grantham stopped the action as Harry Nichol's Rendezvous (No. 4) leads Little Ken over a hurdle in the event staged at Libertyville, Ill.



The event was a claiming 'chase when Jockey Cushman and Proceed parted company over the last fence just as the pair appeared to have a claim on the purse.



Mrs. S. T. Patterson's *Gift of Gold leads the ultimate winner *Done Sleeping as Photographer Freudy records the pair over the last fence in the New Jersey Hunt Cup.



Photographer Morgan snapped Mrs. W. J. Clothier's Pine Pep over the last fence 'on the wet afternoon he won the Maryland Hunt Cup for the third time.

The Montpelier Stud

Methods and Bloodlines Which Make It the Leading 'Chasing Nursery in America

Alexander Mackay-Smith

In the issue of December twelfth, under the by-line of Easy Mark, The Chronicle published a list of the leading breeders of steeplechasers, combining the figures for both the hunt race meetings and the major tracks. Heading the list was Mrs. Marion duPont Scott of the Montpelier Stud near Orange, Va. Montpelier's supremacy was overwhelming—17 wins as compared with 7 for the now defunct U. S. Remount Service which stood second. Third place (6 wins) was divided between the Belair Stud, Elmendorf Farm, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and M. M. Fonlup (France). This supremacy is nothing new. In 1951 Montpelier stood second and in 1950 first in number of wins at both hunt meetings and major tracks.

It is obvious, of course, that success such as has come to Montpelier, is not the result of accident. On the contrary the steady stream of outstanding steeplechasers which it produces, year after year, is the result of long range plans which have been soundly conceived, rigidly followed, and brilliantly executed.

As is the case with all famous studs, success starts with the soil. Mrs. Scott believes that horses are no better than the land on which they are raised. When I visited the farm last September, at a time when most of the countryside was brown with the current drouth, her fields were green and contained a generous percentage of clover. This was the more remarkable since 1952 was a poor clover year in Virginia, even during the relatively wet spring. Experimentation has convinced Mrs. Scott that for top-dressing permanent pastures in her area ground limestone is superior to burnt and hydrated lime, rock phosphate is superior to super-phosphate (acid phosphate) and greensand is superior to muriate of potash. The condition of the Montpelier grass certainly supports her opinion.

Considering the percentage of good 'chasers turned out by Montpelier, the broodmare band is relatively small—fifteen to twenty mares. Many of these represent lines which have been in the stud for several generations—lines thoroughly tested both in the paddock and on the course. On the other hand Mrs. Scott has no hesitation in buying fillies to be eventually put to the stud, if she takes a liking to them and if they meet her specifications. For example at last summer's Saratoga sales she acquired from the Aga Khan's consignment a brown filly (which has been named Surabaya) by Sayajirao out of Usumbura by Umidwar.

It was Mrs. Scott who first got a price on *Blenheim II and was thus instrumental in forming the Syndicate which brought him to this country. She purchased a share in the horse at the time and has bred a mare or two to him every year. More important in her breeding program, however, have been the home stallions—Annapolis, Battleship, winner of the Grand National, Bolingbroke, American record holder at a mile and a half and, more recently, the young horse Heliolodus. It is evident that Mrs. Scott believes strongly in the Fair Play line to produce 'chasers. Annapolis and Battleship are by Man o'War (by Fair Play); Bolingbroke (by Equipoise), out of Wayabout, a Fair Play mare; and Heliolodus (by *Heliopolis) is out of Spotted Beauty by Man o'War. She has not hesitated to line breed to this blood, as the pedigrees of her younger horses attest.

Even more striking than her adherence to bloodlines, however has been Mrs. Scott's adherence to type. There is a widely-held belief among horsemen that to jump a big brush course a horse should be tall and rangy. The Montpelier type is exactly the opposite. Battleship, which won the Liverpool Grand National, is a compact, short legged horse, very deep through the heart, and standing less than 15 hands 3 inches. Annapolis is of the same general

stamp and Bolingbroke also is not a tall horse. The weanlings now at the farm are remarkably uniform and all look like making big horses on short legs. This uniformity is indeed the mark of the master breeder. Remember that the Thoroughbred is not a "type" breed like Angus cattle. As the old saying goes, they run in all shapes and sizes, a saying which is just as applicable to full brothers and sisters as to the breed as a whole. The Thoroughbred is uniform as to speed (relatively speaking), but not as to type. To have assembled from many different sources a band of mares which, when mated to home sires, will produce so uniform a crop is something that many have attempted, but very, very few have accomplished in the history of Thoroughbred breeding.

The Montpelier horses are not only well fed and well bred, they are also well handled. Many of them race on the flat before they are run over jumps. The schooling which they receive at home is such, however, that by the spring of their two-year-old year they have learned all the fundamentals of jumping: Mrs. Scott is convinced that most horses, if they are to make top 'chasers, must get their education as youngsters. It is no wonder, then, that Montpelier-raised horses, after running on the flat, are very readily converted into the best of steeplechasers.

As to schooling Mrs. Scott uses the methods of the late Thomas Hitchcock, Sr., with some modifications of her own. While they are still at foot the foals are broken both to halter and to saddle, that is they get used to a saddle and to a tight girth. In June of their yearling year they are worked in a small oval corral, being first led over a tight jump of poles, one on top of the other, about 18 inches high. They are then turned loose in the corral and schooled over the same jump raised to two and a half feet (the top pole is covered with canvas for protection) and over three logs piled in a pyramid of the same height. Polo boots, put on upside down so as to protect the knees, are worn during this phase. The colts are always worked in pairs so that they are used to jumping in close quarters, an important point in actual racing when the leader takes off half a length ahead.

From the small corral they graduate to one of standard size, 120 by 80 feet. Both have solid outside fences made of planking, so that the horses cannot see out and have nothing to distract them. The standard corral is equipped with an inside rail, which is lacking in the small corral. Another feature, found only in the standard corral, is the track on which the horses work, which has a surface of loam and cinders mixed and is banked slightly at the turns. In both corrals the horses are always worked at speed, after the early stages of their education, so that they learn to gallop over fences. The standard corral has two brush jumps which for the youngsters are about 3 feet 3 inches high. Mr. Hitchcock used a take-off board in front of his jumps. Mrs. Scott, however, prefers small poles piled against the face of the jump in the form of a triangle two feet high and two feet broad at the base. This is equally effective in making a horse take off at the proper distance and is a good deal safer. By fall the height of the jumps is raised to about four feet and the take-off triangle raised and broadened correspondingly. Polo boots, put on right side up, are used for this phase of schooling.

At the same time that the colts are being worked over jumps, other aspects of their education are being stressed. In July they are mounted for the first time. In August they are given slow work on the excellent mile track and figure eights on both leads. To start them over jumps with riders up Mrs. Scott uses eight

or ten panels of solid rail fences with no wings. The central panels are lowered to about a foot and the colt is brought to a full stop in front of it and then is jumped from a standstill, so that he has to make full use of his hocks. The panels are gradually raised and the colts jogged over them, always stressing good balance and jumping off the hocks. Finally they are cantered over hurdles.

Obviously Mrs. Scott does not belong to the school which thinks that a 'chaser must always be jumped at speed if he is to learn to stand back at his fences. On the contrary she feels that he must know how to get himself out of an awkward place and must be sufficiently balanced so that he can do so. Several years ago, when the late Noel Laing was developing steeplechasers for Mrs. Scott, he used to winter a number of young horses at his father's farm, which was in the Old Dominion country, then hunted by Sterling Larabee. These horses were often out with hounds and had the opportunity of watching their progress. When hounds were drawing and things were quiet, Noel would have the boys school them over small fences of every variety, the traprier the better. When he later rode these same horses over the big brush courses he very seldom got a fall—and he won a lot of races.

Although her horses get a great deal of education at an early age, much earlier in fact than most prospective jumpers, Mrs. Scott is insistent that they should never be asked to do more than they are capable of doing both physically and mentally. They are conditioned slowly, they are taught new things slowly, they are not asked to run at speed or to

jump big fences. This means that her horses stay sound; they do not break down, barring bad luck, either physically or nervously. That counts for a lot when the number of wins and number of winners is added up at the end of the year.

Of the many things which Mrs. Scott has done to promote steeplechasing not the least has been her willingness to sell good young horses to anyone who was willing to give them a fair chance racing over jumps. Most of her horses have been sold privately after they had received the education outlined above. For example of the nine horses bred by Montpelier, whose winnings put the farm at the head of the list in 1952, seven were sold to others, and all except two had the full course of preliminary training. Another winner, Navy Gun, although not bred by Mrs. Scott, was owned, schooled and raced by her.

Three factors, then, have been combined to put Montpelier at the top of the tree. First of all the horses are raised on the best pastures which have been well mineralized. Secondly they have been bred according to a consistent program, both as to bloodlines and as to type. Thirdly they have received a preliminary education which has stood them in good stead when they came to racing over the jumps. The success of the program has not depended on money, although money has not been lacking. On the contrary it is based on the fact that many years ago Marion duPont Scott adapted a sound, long-range plan for breeding steeplechasers and has carried it forward with great skill and without deviation. Her example is one from which all breeders of livestock may well profit.

A REFLECTION OF CLASS --

*TENNYSON II



*TENNYSON II
Chestnut, 1945

*TENNYSON II, due to an injury did not race until 4. Won Workshop, Trundle S. Claremont 'Cap, Kingswood Plate; 2nd to *Djeddah in Eclipse S. Defeated such horses as Hindostan, leading Irish money winning 3-year-old at 1949 and Derby winner; Moondust, Irish St. Leger; Faux Tirage, St. James Palace, Newmarket S.; *Nizami II, Coombe S.; Bobo, Houghton S.

Pedigree-wise, performance-wise *Tennyson II offers breeders a chance to breed to a stallion with a great future at a fee of only \$250. Fee payable at time of service—refunded on veterinary certificate that mare is not in foal November 1, 1953.

STRAIGHT DEAL.....

FILLE DE POETE.....

FILLE DE POETE was a winner and is also dam of the undefeated Irish Champion The Phoenix, which was Syndicated for six hundred and forty thousand dollars.

STRAIGHT DEAL won the English Derby defeating *Nasrullah. Sire of Above Board, Aldborough, Double Deal, Straight Border, Monseigneur, etc.

SOLARIO

GOOD DEAL

FIRDAUSSI

FILLE D' AMOUR

FILLE D' AMOUR is half sister to unbeaten *Bahram. Won Prince of Wales H., etc.

FIRDAUSSI won English St. Leger. Leading sire of his time in Hungary.

GOOD DEAL won Leicestershire Oaks, Autumn H., etc. and dam of winners and producers.

SOLARIO won St. Leger. Sire of classic winners Straight Deal, Midday Sun, Exhibitionist. Consistently among leading sires.

WHITEWOOD

G. L. Ohrstrom
The Plains, Virginia

Telephone 2811
The Plains, Virginia

The Royal Rock Beagles



Oldest Pack In England Celebrates Its Hundredth Anniversary

Philip K. Crowe

The Royal Rock Beagles, the oldest pack of little hounds in England and for that matter in the world, are this season celebrating their hundredth year of hunting. The pack was actually established earlier but temporary disbandings, due to wars, accounted for the missing years.

It was in fact on the 28th of March in the year of grace 1845 that a group of gentlemen met at Rock Ferry at the house of Christopher Rawson Esq. to discuss the possibilities of hunting the Hundred of Wirral near Liverpool. The country was being hunted by the Hooton Fox Hounds but the great majority of the younger gentry worked in the city, and, having to cut their sporting cloth to their pocketbooks, decided that beagles were the answer. Rock Ferry was a convenient center for hunting and the prefix Royal was added because the Duke of Clarence, later William IV, once used the ferry on his way south.

Having secured the permission of Sir William Stanley, the Master of the fox hounds, and that of numerous farmers over whose land they proposed to hunt, the members elected Tinley Barton Esq. the first Master and proceeded to look for hounds. Luckily they were able to secure a draft that had belonged to the famous Parson Honeywood, a print of whose hounds called The Merry Beagles adorns the hunting dens of many of today's Masters.

The price paid by Mr. Rawson was a guinea a hound which even in those days was very cheap for pedigree beagles. A glance at the print will show that they stood around fourteen inches and were of a far lighter build than those we see at Peterborough and Bryn Mawr today. In addition to the 12 couple of the Parson's hounds, several drafts were imported from Ireland. The potato famine of 1846 was then raging and hounds were offered for the price of transportation. Big packs were hunted in those days and during the Royal Rock's first season 33 couple were maintained in kennels and 18 couple taken out for a day's sport.

Careful attention was devoted to individual hounds and the Sport book of 1846 notes that Flinder, though once as good a hound as ever ran, was old, slow and jealous, and Milkmaid was a terrible babbler.

The first crisis in the hunt's history occurred in 1868 when the Wirral Harriers were established and blandly began to hunt the country. The Royal Rock had at that time been in being for twenty-three years and the then Master, Lieut. Col. V. A. King, took a strong position on the interlopers. Extracts from their correspondence as printed in Nathaniel Caine's history of the Royal Rock Hunt (London 1895) follow.

Col. King to J. R. Court, Esq. master of the Wirral Harriers. "If your club proposes to hunt upon the country which the beagles have hunted over for a quarter of a century you will be violating the law of high courtesy which governs relations of gentlemen between each other and which plainly says that under no circumstances shall any pack of hounds interfere with the country hunted by an older pack. If your members violate this law, then it will be with feelings of deep pain that I shall most reluctantly be obliged to decline to acknowledge them as sportsmen."

Mr. Court replied with equal spirit.

"The harriers will meet only twice a week and kill at most a brace of hare. Can it even be pretended that so vast a destruction in a district comprising 140 square miles could deprive you of even a single run in a quarter of a century. You really treat the Hundred of Wirral as if it contained a few acres of cabbage garden in which beagles and harriers could not possibly meet without running their heads together."

He goes on to base his case on the size of the hounds involved. "In the sporting calendar it will not be denied that beagles are as inferior to harriers as harriers are to fox hounds and therefore I cannot comprehend how you can claim for your hounds those high privileges and prerogatives which alone pertain to the higher class of hounds."

The net of it all was that both packs continued to hunt the country and many years later the Masters even went so far as to speak to each other in public.

Tinley Barton, the first Master, was a great runner, having served from the age of 13 to 20 in the ships of Honorable East India Company where he learned to scale the ratlines with great agility. His father, Captain Barton, was Master of the Hamilton Fox Hounds and gave his son an early schooling in the arts of hunting.

Barton was succeeded by Christopher Rawson who took his duties so seriously that he decided to have a chaplain for the hunt to preserve decorum in the field as well as at the dinners. The Rev. Mr. Bannister took the job and reported that he never heard a single word uttered in his presence that he could regret as a clergyman. Certainly we live in more lenient times today.

The third Master was the Col. King of the letters. A striking figure he reigned for thirty seasons and brooked no opposition. The mastership was supposed to be an elective office but the only time the subject was brought up King burst out with "hold your blather, I'm Master here" and the matter was dropped. Another time he was reported as saying to a young girl in the neighborhood; "Look here, my lass, whenever you see any of them harrier chaps passing this way, just you peg stones at 'em'."

The description of one of Col. King's beagling dinners has a Jorrockian flavor. "The great features of the dinner were a good strong Indian curry, with Bombay Ducks, and a noble roast goose washed down by Bombay beer, which had travelled to India and back to improve its quality. The peer was poured in a huge loving cup while the merry Master made his famous toast "may your shadow never grow less." Seated at the head of his table in a short jacket of black velvet with knickerbockers of the same, shoes with silver buckles and red stockings and a red waistcoat, he made a picture that warmed the hearts of his appreciative guests."

The present pack consists of 15 1-2 couple of stud book beagles with kennels at Ledsham, Wirray. Hounds hunt Saturdays and Wednesdays and the Joint-masters are P. D. Stevenson Esq. and J. V. Kelly Esq. I have never had the pleasure of a day with these famous hounds but after reading Mr. Caine's delightful book I have every intention of rectifying the oversight on my next visit to England.

GOLDENS BRIDGE HOUNDS

Rock Ridge Farm,
North Salem,
New York.
Established 1924.
Recognized 1925.



October 4

The opening meet was at the Horse Show Grounds which is our Kennel Meet. We finally found a fox leaving a wooded knoll near Hardscrabble Road which was viewed by a group of hilltoppers. He made a short run south to Raymond's Battery Farm and dropped in an earth. We found a second fox which gave us a nice run, running north and crossing concrete road above Bill Strittmatter's, over Lobdell's and Rock Ridge. After circling Von Gal's swamp, hounds ran with a great drive back to the section where we found and marked in Charles Wallace's woodland. This was a nice finish for a very warm morning although there was a light frost in the morning in the meadows and along the streams.

October 7

Met at Starr Ridge. After drawing the pinewood and around the new pipe line blank, we heard crows marking a fox as he ran along top of a stone wall in the direction of Peach Lake. Hounds were cast in that direction and picked up the line and ran around the swamp for about a half hour where our fox swam the lower end of the lake above the bridge path and soon dropped in an earth along a stonewall on the Ryder Farm. After failing to find around Starr Ridge, we drew over to Billy Meldrum's small swamp where Bashful spoke deep in swamp and as the pack harked to her reliable voice, a big Red was viewed leaving the swamp. Hounds ran with great cry on south over Windswept on via Salem Center and then swung north. This must have been the same fox we ran across opening meet as he took the same route, running over Dr. Nichol's place almost to Johnston's Peach Lake Hotel. Then he headed back home and dropped in near the starting point. Hounds had to work hard in the woods as the leaves were falling.

October 9

Met at Waterfall Farm. We hacked down the road and cast in back of Walter Hampden's place. We quickly picked up an old night line and worked it over 2 miles finally jumping our fox on the Ross property at the edge of Merry's wood. It was wonderful to see the work of Bachelor and two very good cold-nosed hounds carrying the line before he was routed out of a briar patch. Hounds ran very fast and marked in on the Connecticut side of the woods. A second fox found in Dongle Ridge, or rather Bashful and Roudy were running this fox all the time we were running the first fox. We harked the pack back to the above named two hounds and they gave us a nice run and marked in an old drain under the abandoned trolley roadbed. Still very dry but the kind of a day to bring out the real working ability in the old American Foxhound.

October 11

A very good Field met at 8-Bells, one of our favorite meeting places. Soon after riding off, we heard old Bachelor open up deep beyond the pinewood and the pack broke to the honest cry of a true hound and were off in a great burst over the New York side of Merry's wood, thence over into Connecticut and after about 35 minutes, marked in near the pinewood on 8-Bells Farm. After many unsuccessful casts for a second fox, we crossed Dingle Ridge in back of Vail's Golf Course and we heard Bashful and Bachelor speak way off to our right. Again we were off and after about one hour of fast driving in good old American Foxhound style trailing and road work, we marked in a ledge back of the golf course on the Stuart Bates farm.

October 13

Met at Dingle Ridge and after drawing all the adjoining coverts blank, we finally picked up an old night line on the hilltop adjoining John Wheeler's place. Hounds worked the line tediously for about 2 miles where they jumped Reynard hot out of a small swamp and raced over into Connecticut. As we raced back towards Dingle Ridge near a stonewall jump, a very large doe darted out in

front of the pack; in fact, jumped right in among hounds but they never lifted their heads and continued driving hard towards North Salem. They finally marked in a small patch on Mrs. Bulkley's Dongle Ridge Farm. We were working along towards home, when we heard Bachelor speak on a very hot line and again we were off back into Connecticut, thence through Col. Pfeffer's pinewood and marked in an old familiar den.

October 16

We met at Field's Lane, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose McCabe. It was very warm and as we drew west, we noticed quite a few places where deer had been bedding down and where they had been broussing around in the heavy dew. At one time, we viewed about six deer loping towards Mr. Solinger's apple orchard. As we were casting through Hunting House Hill, Lady opened up on a stonewall and we were off for about 1 1/2 hours' run when we finally marked in under a ledge on the south side of Hunting House Hill. In the meantime, we could hear a few hounds running off to the east and we quickly harked to the running hounds and after about 35 minutes, we came out to Field's Lane, a dirt gravel road where we completely lost our first fox of the year. While we might have worked out the line, it was so hot we decided it was best to call it a day.

October 18

A beautiful, colorful fall day. Our meet today was a joint meet with our good neighbors from Connecticut. Dr. and Mrs. Richard T. Gilyard, M.F.H. of the Middlebury Hunt with a Field of 55 moved off from the Horse Show Grounds and worked around the Race Course. We then crossed Anson Lobdell's place and our first cast was just south of the pinewood on Daniel Raymond's property. Pepper and Bachelor spoke real hot on a stonewall within five minutes after moving off and with a great volume of cry, we were off to the north. We galloped fast to keep up with these good old American Hounds over Windswept, Salem Center and the North Salem section. It was so nice for us all to have "Liz" Browning, who had suffered a broken neck two years ago, to call to us to say that she had just viewed the fox crossing the concrete road about 100 yards to the north. By this time, hounds were driving hard and finally marked in under a stonewall on Daniel Raymond's Battery Farm woods—just 1 hour and 25 minutes from the time of our find. It was fast and furious going at times followed by slow going but good, hard work with no real loss.

We drew over Charles Wallace's property and then drew north along DeLancey Road, and we were off by Hardscrabble, on over the property of Miss Thomas and back to Battery Farm where we marked in a stony ledge.

October 21

Met at Arigideen, the home of the Joint-Master and Mrs. Daniel M. McKeon. Soon after moving off in the direction of the Browning's place, hounds found in a bushy briar section and headed south on over Murdock's, Walter Hampden's and on over the Bates' place where we made a loss. The fox then ran around Bloomerside section and as hounds swung back east, Mrs. McKeon suffered a very bad fall over an uphill barway jump. We were in no mood to continue and called off. Mrs. McKeon has since completely recovered from a bad concussion.

October 23

Met at Hill Top Farm, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tompkins. A very dry and windy day. After drawing Hunting House and Field's Lane and the Starr Ridge sections and being out over 2 hours without a find, we finally drew the swamp along DeLancey Road where the heard Bachelor speak deep in a swamp. We viewed a big Red with a long white tip, streaking out over the green fields to the south. Hounds broke out in full cry and while it was bone dry, hounds carried the line fast for about 35 minutes and marked in a woodland near Lobdell's. At one time, while crossing a bushy field on the Stuart farm, a large doe jumped up but not one hound paid the least attention to the doe even though she kept jump-

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**MR. STEWART'S
CHESHIRE
FOXHOUNDS**

Unionville,
Chester County,
Pennsylvania.
Established 1913.
Recognized 1914.

**December 13**

Moving off from the Bailey barn, hounds found immediately in the duPont Quarries and ran on a good scent up wind to the west. Skirting Wetzler's Woods, our fox ran through a herd of cattle that momentarily checked hounds, but Welfare '46 spoke up the hill. The pack went to her, skirted the north end of the Sheep Hill and raced away over Mrs. Weir's to Mullin's Hill, where they were again brought to their noses. Pizzy '48 carried the line along a cast road in this covert and the pack ran on with good cry to McCauley's east, where unfortunately a deer jumped up and ran the same line of the fox for a short way.

Whipping hounds off the deer at McClees', the hunter fox was viewed about a mile away by Ray Hayes on the Griffith farm. Lifting hounds they ran on a somewhat catchy scent over Blue Hill, Dietrick's and Wayne Gible's to Robert Hogg's. Here our fox waited for us and jumped up almost under the pack's feet. From Hogg's, through Willis Jackson's, by the chicken farm to the old George Baker place hounds pushed their fox so fast he had to go to ground. This was just 2 hours. Unfortunately the afternoon draw was interrupted as the aforementioned deer ran back through the Jones farm and Stony Battery, disturbing a fox in one or the other of these coverts and deer and fox were last seen going towards Norman Reyburn's, the fox running the deer's line.

North Club Hill, South Club Hill, Taylor's and Mr. Cowdin's all were blank, but the Percy Pierce covert produced a fox that gave a very fast 8 minutes through London Grove Swamp, over the Hicks farm and to ground in Mr. Cowdin's.

December 16

The day did not seem propitious for hunting as 26 couple of the mixed pack moved off from Mr. Reeve's for there was quite a high northwest wind blowing. Drawing Reynolds' woods blank, hounds spoke on the edge of the McMinn thicket and raced southwards to the artificial earth. Thinking the fox had gone to ground, a rod was pushed through the pipe, but no fox. Going on to Tippings, hounds found and Mrs. Elkins Wetherell viewed the fox away by the Blue Hill covert. Taking his usual line he ran to Hogg's, but then swung north towards the Frog Pond woods. Wayne Gible had freshly manured his field north of Hogg's woods and this stopped hounds momentarily but they hunted close and ran over the Gum Tree road to the Frog pond. In these woods once more they ran into difficulties. Logging operations had left a woods full of fallen tree tops and our fox made the best use of each and every one of them, dodging through a veritable jungle. Hounds determinedly stuck to the line though and pushed him out to the east, over Armstrong's and John Jackson's to Tom Kirk's woods over the macadem road to Amos Mann's and Carlin's woods. This covert was another mass of fallen tree tops.

Holding hounds on to Frank Underwood's, they found a fresh fox and ran very fast over Frank Connolly's to Beaver Dam, back over Collyer's, Copeland's, Edward Brinton and Light's to Trego's and California Hill. Never has any foxhunter witnessed better hound work and the Cheshire mixed pack received a high compliment from one Edward Vail, farmer foxhunter, who remarked he's never seen any better bit of hunting as they carried the line through this big covert over Richard Scott's, back to Frank Underwood's and over Mathews' wheat. However, the fox was a long way ahead of hounds and they had to hunt very closely. Finally after working their way back over Amos Mann's and Tom Kirk's, they were picked up as it was 5 o'clock and scent had failed completely. Hounds had been running for 4 1-2 hours and there was still a 2-hour hack home in the dark. When hounds got back to the kennels they had been out 9 1-2 hours.

December 18

After a disappointing morning drawing miles of country from the Twin Bridges all around George Labiak's and back to Wood's Quarry, where a fox was found and put to ground within 500 yards, the late afternoon gave only the Master, whipper-in, Field Master, Col. Howard Fair and Mrs. Arthur Hanna a reward for perseverance.

A fox was found in Keech's Woods and ran through Mattson's, over George Powell's wheat to the Burnt Chimney. Here hounds checked, but a welcome halloo from Ralph Thomas put them right. Roy Reese put his hat up by the Bailey House, but hounds seemed hardly able to get on with their fox. Under the power line on the Windle farm hounds were really at fault. A forward cast proved unavailing but these bitches cast back like the furl in a bullfighter's shawl, recovered the line, went a short way heel, stopped, swung around again, feathered their sterns, spoke, feathered some more, spoke again, and then settled to the line for good.

Scent was not good, but holding, and they ran well together up the steep Windle Hill, over the west pasture of the Howard Hannum farm and into the Thompson's wheat. Working hard, they carried the line on to the Murphy farm westward over the Green Valley road, skirted the kennel wood and drove over the magnificent open Logan fields to the Plantation. Straight on with lovely cry in the dusk, past the Bewley house, over George Baldwin's, north to the pines they went. Then south through Baldwin's woods and the duPont Quarries. It was now quite dark. Even white hounds were not visible. Discretion was the better part of valor and reluctantly hounds were stopped. Reluctantly, because they deserved to be allowed to stay with the fox they had worked so hard to find and worked so hard to straighten away. After drawing for 4 hours they drew their last covert so cheerfully, so determinedly and so willingly one wondered how it was possible such stamina could be developed in any living, breathing being.—Sandon

Goldens Bridge Hunt

Continued From Page 10

ing high over hounds and then darted off towards the pinewoods.

October 25

Met at Windswept Farm—A joint meet with the Rombout Hunt. As hounds were about half way through the swamp on the Charles Wallace property, Rigzan and Bachelor spoke and a nice big Red broke out back of the Field with about 3 couple of hounds close behind. They were stopped until the pack all were out and away, and although it was dry and windy, and the woods filled with dry, fallen leaves, hounds continued with great cry all around Red Shield and Field's Lane. They marked in a ledge in Hunting House Hill about 1 hour and 20 minutes from the time of the find.

A second fox was found in the upper end of a corn stubble field on Billy Meldrum's farm. A third fox was found in the next swamp, gave a nice short run and marked in Daniel Raymond's Battery Farm woods near the starting point.

October 28

Met at Meadow Lane Farm, the home of the Joint-Master, Mr. and Mrs. Carlo M. Paterno. A small Field turned out and we drew the first few coverts blank. On entering the upper end of Rock Ridge Farm, old Piper opened up on a bridle path and the pack quickly honored his honest cry and were off for about 15 minutes and marked in a ledge on the Bloomer property. We drew several more coverts blank and as they were drawing the swamp along DeLancey Road, a huge Red was viewed heading south towards Titicus. By then, the wind had switched around to the west and then we had the run of the year, all over Starr Ridge, Bloomerside and exactly 2 1/2 hours from the time we jumped this big red dog fox, he was rolled over near Peach Lake Heights. The brush and mask were presented to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnston. This was the kind of hunt we old foxhunters would call a real old-time foxhunt where you had to ride to

**FARMINGTON
HUNT CLUB**

Charlottesville (Box 1),
Virginia.
Established 1929.
Recognized 1932.



As 1952 drew to a close, it was with pleasure we recall the fine sport we have had this fall with the Farmington Hunt. The severe drought, followed by excessive rains, retarded hunting somewhat in the beginning of the season. However, we witnessed some excellent and amazing hound work under most adverse conditions.

There were two hunts that took place in November that will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to attend. The first of these hunts was on November 18 when hounds moved off at 9 o'clock from Clay Hill, the home of the De-Koven Bowens.

It was a moderately warm day for the time of year, and the misty rain failed to dampen the enthusiasm of the fair sized Field. Beside the regulars, we also had with us Mr. Cole from Washington, D. C., and Dr. George Saunders from Portland, Oregon.

The huntsman, Grover Vandevender, cast hounds on a bluff on the west side of Clay Hill. Hounds hit a cold trail and worked south through Ballard's to Rainer Woods where they jumped their fox. Reynard circled the woods and came out on the east side by the Oakencroft residence. After a short, fast burst, the fox went to ground in a large hole in the fence row of one of Godfrey Adam's fields.

Almost immediately hounds picked up another line which again led to Rainer Woods. This time the fox headed south towards Farmington. Then he swung left through the old Norris Watson place and turned back through Rainer Woods. He picked a line through the Ballard farm and then swung right into Catlin's. Pressed hard all the way, Reynard had no heart for further running and he went to ground in the hog lot at Red Acres.

Hounds, horses and riders were

keep up and you needed a real fit horse to stay with hounds.

October 30

Met at Hillside, the home of Rev. and Mrs. F. T. Nelson. Quite a good Field turned out. We drew south via North Salem School and as hounds were cast by the lake, three deer loped out in front of hounds and not a hound noticed them. We then drew over June Farm and crossed Route 124, through Raymond's farm where we found. Hounds ran well over Cochran Farm, thence over Anson Lobdell's place, recrossed the concrete road and marked in on the Thomas farm. We cast back west and in the long swamp along DeLancey Road. Bachelor kept giving tongue deep in the swamp. He is one of the good old American hounds who does not recognize the scent of anything but a fox. The rest of the pack quickly honored him but not having his sensitive nose, could not carry the line. A view was 'halloed' and we harked hounds forward and were off, and after about 40 minutes, marked in near Windswept.—Benjamin F. Funk.

winded from the last burst and decided to call it a day. As Huntsman Vandevender hacked homeward with hounds, they jumped another fox in the pines just east of his barns. This fox picked a straight line southwest right through Catlin's Ballard's and back to Rainer Woods where he went to ground on the east side of the woods.

That was indeed a day. Three foxes up and all accounted for. However, because of mist and fog, we were unable to view any of them.

A week later, on November 25, we had another fine hunt when we started from Gallison Hall at Farmington. Hounds had scarcely entered the pine covert east of the house when they got up a grey fox. He ran through the woods to the Farmington Lake and was turned back at the railroad tracks. He was viewed going across the big open field at Faulkner's and was last seen at the entrance to the house. Hounds missed him at the house. We later learned that the cook saw our fox go by the kitchen door!

After a brief check, hounds hit him off again. He circled beyond the house, then picked a line due east that took use through the back of the Old Ivy Inn and on to Cooley Hill. He turned and ran parallel to Route 29, traveling north to the Duke place. There he swung west to Mt. Falcon. Our grey fox again circled back to the Duke's and was viewed several times as he led hounds through an intricate maze of underbrush and honeysuckle.

He again circled Mt. Falcon with hounds breathing hot upon his brush. We were all keyed to a feverish pitch with the excitement of the chase. Surely he couldn't survive another trip through Duke's. We viewed him time and again scarcely a jump ahead of hounds. When it seemed that his brush was surely doomed, he ran first one side, then the other of a woven wire line fence. Eager hounds over-ran the line on one side of the fence. The moment it took them to turn back, pick up the line and cross the fence was all that Reynard needed to save his brush. Try as they would, hounds could never make out the line from there. It was our Huntsman's opinion that the hard pressed fox lay down beneath a dense cluster of honeysuckle and that hounds passed all about him without ever smelling him again.

It was a thrill not only to watch hounds work such an intricate line but also to attempt to follow them through that unpannelled country. Fences must be taken as they come, and it takes a good horse and a stout heart neither of which was lacking, to navigate the gleaming white panel fences and the gates which we encountered.

Of course, hounds would have earned their fox had they caught him after such a wonderful run. But I know there was a feeling of gladness in all of our hearts that such a magnificent fox would be on hand to run another day.—Barbara N. Carter

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Hunting In Northumberland

Late Sportsman Found English Hunt Country Unchanged Through the Ages

R. V. N. Gambrill

(Editor's Note: As a further memorial to the late Richard V. N. Gambrill, an account of whose sporting career was carried in the last issue, we take pleasure in reprinting the first of his many writings which have appeared in The Chronicle. The letter to Plunket Stewart, which was published in the issue of March 24, 1939, not only illustrates Mr. Gambrill's point of view admirably, but could well serve as a model to those visiting a new hunting country who feel inclined to write home (and to The Chronicle) about their experiences.)

Editor of the Middleburg Chronicle:

When lunching with Dick Gambrill at Boodles in London about a month ago he told me he was contemplating a fox hunting visit to the north of England. I asked him if he would be good enough to write me a description of the fox hunting in that section, and furthermore that I would like to give it to you as I thought it would be a matter of great interest to the readers of your Chronicle. This morning I received a letter, which I am sending you under separate cover. If you agree with me in thinking it would interest your readers, I have his consent for you to publish it. I think it most interesting.

Sincerely yours,
W. Plunket Stewart

March 17th, 1939
Plunket Stewart, Esq.
Unionville
Chester County, Pa.

My Dear Plunket:

I promised to write you about my hunting experiences in Northumberland, and I do so now with the

greatest pleasure. It is a grand sporting countryside up there, wild and unchanged through the ages, and they certainly know how to give one a good time! The big Estates have been very little broken up in that part of England, and the relationship between landlord and tenant seems to be on an extremely sound basis. We stayed with the Simon Brownes at Callaly Castle—a fascinating old house, built originally in 600 and added to by different generations up to the Eighteenth century. It is always such a joy to stay with people whose family has lived on their lands for centuries, and who have inherited all the pride in their homes, and the tradition and love for the land which one misses so much in most parts of the world in this commercial age. To me, the thrill of hunting in England lies not only in the wonderful sport itself, but equally in the pleasure of meeting these charming people and enjoying the extraordinary hospitality in their fine old homes.

On Friday we hunted with the West Percy, who met at Brandon Ford about 10 miles from Callaly Castle. Mr. Morris Ropner is the Master and Huntsman. He hunts a very useful-looking mixed pack, some of which are straight English Hounds, and some cross-bred with Fell Hounds. The result is excellent for hunting a fox in this wild country, which is mostly moorland or rough pasture. The hills are so steep and the ravines so deep, and the distances around them so great, that it is almost impossible for the huntsman to stay with his Hounds much of the time. They must do it all themselves, therefore, and the fact that they had killed over 37 brace of foxes so far this year certainly shows that they are up to the job.

We drew Fawdon Hill first and a fox immediately went away in full view of the field. There were only a dozen of us, beside the hunt staff, and we immediately broke up into small groups, each riding its own line and trying to anticipate the run of the fox. The views on top of these Cheviot Hills are superb. I felt we were hunting in the Alps, especially as all the highest peaks to the West and North were capped with snow. We could see the fox for miles and watch the Hounds toiling after him up and down and around these vast moorlands, which seemed to go on forever. The going was delightful in spots, somewhat rough in others. There was no jumping that day as there are no fences on the moors, but it took a

stout horse and a fast one to keep the Hounds in sight, and it reminded me more of stag hunting on Exmoor than anything else I have seen in England. It was a bad scenting day and while we hunted three or four foxes in the course of the day, none were accounted for.

I was particularly impressed with the keenness of the field, half of whom were farmers, and all of whom were most cordial in welcoming the stranger.

On Saturday we hunted with the Percy, of which the Duke of Northumberland and my host, Captain Simon Brown—(Secretary of the Beaufort for ten years) are joint Masters. This proved to be a memorable day in my hunting career. It was a perfect day, soft and sunny, though perhaps a little too bright for good scenting weather. We met at Heifferlaw Bank Bridge in the middle of the best part of their vale. About forty people were out, fully half of them farmers on good-looking horses they had bred and schooled themselves—and how they did go! There was hardly a gate opened all day. They are the hardest riding field I have ever seen, and a most delightful crowd of people, all eager to give one a good time and show the best of sport. The going there is supposed to be the finest in England, but I know it is the best in the world! No golf course could possibly provide a finer fairway, and it was Heaven to ride upon. The jumping is nearly all timber, with a few stone walls, and an occasional cut and laid fence. They gallop into their timber just as we do here, and I felt quite at home.

We found very soon in Glencoe Whin, but there was very little scent and a slow hunting run was the result. It was interesting, however, to be able to see Hounds work under difficult conditions. They are a grand-looking pack of pure English Hounds, with good noses and a fine cry. Their huntsman, Kinch, is a wonder and the whole hunt staff are most efficient; and, incidentally, splendidly mounted. It was fun to be out with such a small field, the country was beautiful to look at and the field delightful to talk to.

A sharp shower came down on us about 1 o'clock and then conditions changed like magic. I lamed my first horse about this time, jumping a wall and landing on a pile of large rocks. While looking for the second horseman, Hounds found and ran like wild fire for four miles straight across the cream of the Vale! It must have been a thrilling hunt and I was more disappointed to miss it. Finally, however, I found them at last in a large wood, where the fox had gone to ground, and the field were standing about, eating their lunch, changing horses, and telling me what a good hunt I had missed!

But I soon forgot about that; Hounds found again very quickly and raced away for over three miles across the best of their country, as fast as I have ever seen Hounds go. It was indeed a glorious gallop and I have never had more fun! Then the fox turned and came back part way, the line got cold and Hounds were brought to their noses for a while. They worked it out in gallant style and jumped him again for another furious gallop over the Vale. Only eight people were left by now as it was late in the day—The Duke and his joint Master (Simon Brown); his sister (Lady Diana Percy—a magnificent performer to Hounds); his brother (Lord Hugh Percy); myself and the hunt staff. It was glorious fun, but they finally marked him to ground and called it a day, and we started home.

We hacked back through the Park of Alnwick Castle—seat of the Duke of Northumberland—and one of the finest examples of a Norman Castle in England today. The sun was setting behind the Towers of this marvelous old place as we clattered under the Portcullis Gate and through the many court yards to the stables beyond. One could so easily picture the men-at-arms and the Knights in Armour who have defended that keep through all the Centuries past. It was a thrilling moment and a fit ending to a perfect day. Then came an enormous hunting tea in the Castle, after which we motored home very late for dinner, after one of the most delightful days I have ever known.

Sunday, I spent the whole morn-

M.F.H. of Beaufort Hunt Painted By Mrs. Laura Meyer

This week's cover picture was painted by Mrs. Laura Meyer, who is well known for her paintings of horses, dogs and also portrait work. She has a booth at The Pennsylvania National Horse Show and her work has proved to be very popular in this country and in Canada.

The subject of the painting is John A. Bogar, M. F. H. of the Beaufort Hunt at Harrisburg, Pa. He has been Master for the past several years and was painted on his horse, Miniah Seniah, surrounded by hounds of the Beaufort pack. It is an excellent and true likeness of the rider, horse and hounds.

Ellwood E. Geissler, honorary whip for Beaufort Hunt, very kindly sent along a brief summary of facts as to the origin of the Beaufort Hunt where Mr. Bogar is known for his enthusiasm for fox hunting and for his efforts in promoting this sport in the Harrisburg area. These notes were written by the former M. F. H. Ehrman B. Mitchell.

"In the golden age of Fox Hunting, i. e., the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, anyone who went fox-hunting must perforce wear the scarlet livery of the King. The reason for this was that all wild game belonged to the King and, mind you, in those days the fox was counted as game and not as vermin, which is now the case. So, if you mounted a horse and went out to join the Ivory, Belvoir, or some other fox-hunt, you wore a scarlet coat.

"The Duke of Beaufort, however, had an individual uniform of blue with buff trimmings. The Duke of Beaufort had kept hounds long before anyone else in England, the fifth Duke being the first to keep records, which was as early as 1786. They were, consequently, independent enough to have their own blue and buff livery. This, incidentally, was the inspiration for the blue and buff uniform adopted by the American Colonial Army to oppose the English Red Coats.

"Now, just about this same time, the year 1786 to be exact, a patent was granted by the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to John Elder, the 'Fighting Parson' from Paxtang, for a certain tract of land called Beaufort, which deed was conveyed to him by James Wallace, who surveyed it as early as 1760. The original patent hangs in my office at Beaufort Farms today.

"It was natural, therefore, when it was decided to organize a Hunt in Harrisburg, to choose the name 'The Beaufort Hunt' since Beaufort Farms belonged to me, the first Master of Fox Hounds, and to my sister, Mary Mitchell Gallagher, and also because it was such an illustrious name in the annals of Fox-Hunting.

"Blue and Buff was to be the uniform, too, and we wrote the Duke of Beaufort about it as well as about the forming of the hunt. He expressed his satisfaction and sent us his best wishes for success.

"The first hunt was held in 1928."

ing in kennels with the Percy, and found them to be a beautiful and very level lot. They have a superb young entry for next season and should be well able to hold their own with any pack in the world. In the afternoon we visited the West Percy and found them also a very fine lot of Hounds—not quite as level as the Percy owing to the two types of Hounds used—but still a useful pack to catch a fox and with many beautiful individuals to look at as well.

I hope Plunket, that this will give you a fair picture of my week-end in the North. It was something entirely new to me and quite different from hunting in other parts of England. I have never met more charming people, nor had a better time. The country is very beautiful, wild and unchanged. If you can spare the time, you must have a hunt in this splendid sporting countryside. You will never regret it.

Hoping you are well and that, we will meet very soon.

Yours sincerely,
Dick Gambrill

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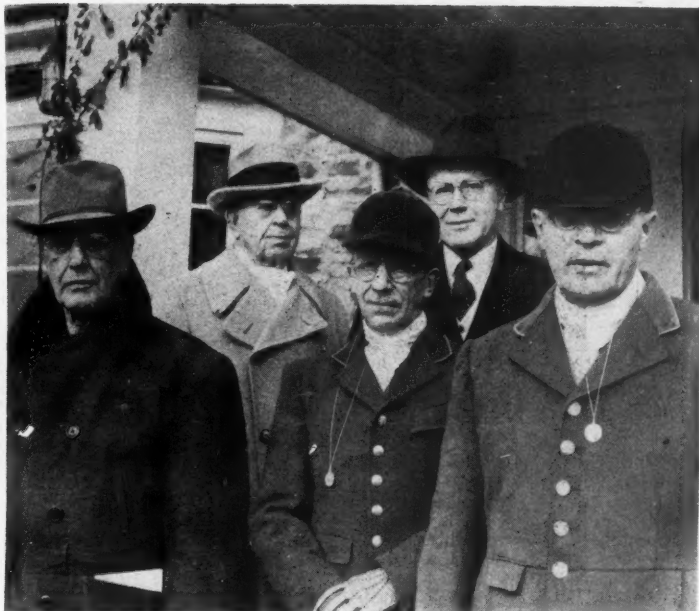
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Hunting Enthusiasts



JOINT-MASTERS CHARLES KEARNS AND NATHAN AYERS looking over Miriam Rabb's good going brown gelding Bold Peat. The pair turned out for a day of sport with the Sedgefield Hunt. (Doris Fulton Photo)



ROCKY FORK-HEADLEY HUNT—four ex-Masters and the present Master all turned out for the blessing of the hounds. (L. to r): Trafford Tallmadge, M. G. Woodhull, W. C. Harrison, W. M. Summer and M. F. H. Edward Durell.



DREW, HUNTER CHAMPION, at the Bridlespur Hunter Trials. Drew is owned by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Shinkle and is ridden by Mrs. Shinkle. (M. E. Morris Photo)



GUMDROP, owner-rider Miss Mary Mulford up, was the reserve champion at the Bridlespur Hunter Trials. This entry came from the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club. (M. E. Morris Photo)



THE MISSES NANCY LEE HUFFMAN, MOLLY MacINTOSH, AND MARY McGRATH out with Warrenton Hunt. (Hawkins Photo)



M. F. H. RUSSELL M. ARUNDEL and Gen. Leonard C. Shepherd photographed just before the Warrenton Hunt got on its way. (Hawkins Photo)

Pacific Coast Champions



BAY FERN—Pacific Coast Hunter Champion, owned by Mrs. L. K. Firestone, with Kim Firestone up. (John H. Williamson Photo)



BALBRIGGAN, owner-rider Mrs. Barbara Dodge—Champion Jumper.



THAT AGAIN—Green Hunter Champion—owner-rider Mrs. Barbara Dodge. (John H. Williamson Photo)

Pacific Coast Champions
In the Spotlight At San
Francisco's Cow Palace

At the Grand National Livestock Exposition Horse Show and Rodeo, at the Cow Palace, San Francisco, California, Allen Ross through the courtesy of the management, turned the spotlight on the 1952 Pacific Coast Champions. Mr. Ross was the spokesman for the Pacific Coast Hunter, Jumper and Stock Horse Assn.

Mrs. L. K. Firestone's Bay Fern with a total of 357 points proved to be the horse to beat in the hunter division. He was ridden by her son Kim Firestone in most of his classes. Duffy Malone again was reserve with 344 points, he is owned by Mrs. C. L. Hubble and shown by her daughter Shirley.

It was good to see more green hunters this year and more classes for them. That Again with 43 points, was the green hunter champion and is owned by Barbara Worth Stables and shown by Barbara Dodge. Peggy Platz's Night Editor was in the reserve spot with 17 points. He is shown by Miss Platz.

Balbriggan took an early lead again to win the jumper championship with 350 points. He is owned by the Barbara Worth Stables and ridden by that capable all around horsewoman Barbara Dodge. Amigo came through for his owner-rider Margaret Stewart with 276 points to win the reserve spot.

Bonnie Bravo carried his 1951 championship to 1952 with a total of 170 points, for the polo pony championship. Early in the year he was owned by William M. Keck, Jr. and shown by B. E. Blackwell then was purchased by the Barbara Worth Stables and shown by Mrs. Dodge. Tonka, with 158 points, was the reserve. He is owned by the Sun Dial Stables and shown by Charles Huthsing.

The Leaders

Hunters

Bay Fern, Mrs. L. K. Firestone, 357 points.
Duffy Malone, Mrs. C. L. Hubble, 344
Ron D Voo, Barbara Worth Stables, 215
Hylo Ladd, Myra Moss, 158
Mister Moss, Olive Clossen, 133

Jumpers

Balbriggan, Barbara Worth Stables, 350
Amigo, Margaret Stewart, 276
Remember Me, Don Dodge, 270
Penny Packer, Barbara Dodge, 263
Coin Collector, Mrs. C. L. Hubble, 221

Green Hunters

That Again, Barbara Worth Stables, 43
Night Editor, Peggy Platz, 17
Fancy Free, Col. Alex Sysin, 13
Briar Gate, Don Dodge, 11 1-2
Irish Dew, Fred Simpson, 10 1-2

Polo Ponies

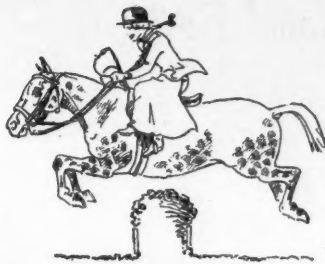
Bonnie Bravo, B. W. Stables, 170
Tonka, Sun Dial Stables, 158
Riff Raff, W. M. Keck, Jr. 72
Wiley, Sun Dial Stables, 34
Brown Ann B, Barbara Worth Stables, 26.

HORSES GALORE

Some horsemen prefer stables of just race horses, or show horses, etc., but Miss Betty Bosley has charge of about 40 horses which run the gauntlet from race horses, show hunters, hunting hunters and boarding hunters from New Jersey and Long Island. After renting James McHugh's polo barn and the Bailey barn at Unionville, Pa., Miss Bosley has set up quite an outfit. Not only did she make the champion young hunter and reserve green hunter at The National Horse Show this year for Owner James McHugh, but she has turned out a good hunter in Walter Wickes, Jr.'s Bronze Wing. This bay gelding by, Ruston Sirdar made his initial outing in 1951 as a 3-year-old at Camden, S. C. Also at the stable is Raymond Guest's home-bred 4-year-old chestnut colt by Vezzano—War Strategy which won a maiden hurdle race at Monmouth Park last year.

Horse Shows

WEEKLY NEWS
FROM THE
SHOW CIRCUITS



Co-operation of Many Correspondents Makes Wide-Spread Horse Show Coverage Possible

Nancy G. Lee

The 1952 horse show season has gone into the records; champions have been named and old and new exhibitors are looking forward to the season which is before us. The Chronicle has finished another year's show coverage and as is the case in any work, there is plenty of room for improvement. In some sections of the country the shows were handled better; in other parts we fell down. In planning the 1953 coverage, all efforts will be pointed toward doing a better job.

Accomplishing better coverage can be done only with the help of the readers, exhibitors, riders and members of horse show committees. The Chronicle keeps a card file of the hunter and jumper champions at all the shows which are covered. One would be surprised at the number of times a question arises as to whether or not we are carrying the owners' names and the horses', names correctly. Checking programs doesn't help too much because three of them may well have three different spellings. Here is where the owners could help. If a name is printed incorrectly, a postal card to this office will make it possible not to duplicate the error. Regardless of what a program may list, if the information is at hand from the individual, there can be no question.

Exhibitors complain that a horse has been written up as a chestnut gelding when it is a bay mare. This is another matter which could be handled with the card and having the horse described correctly in subsequent issues would be pleasing to his owner.

Treading a bit on correspondents' toes comes the matter of children riding in equitation classes. Programs are received and in such classes there will be post entries. Such additions are indicated by a number such as, 108. However, there is no 108 in the list of exhibitors and sometimes a child who has won a class will not receive credit in the summaries. His or her winning spot will be indicated by "Entry". That must be very disillusioning to the rider and the situation would not arise if a quick check had been made with the secretary.

Very often horses which are shown in junior divisions also participate in the working hunter, etc. divisions. However, in the summaries the horse's name and the junior rider's name are the only ones given and then when reading the story, up crops an adult owner. The Chronicle summaries are written up to give the horse's name and the owner's name and if the cross entry has been made, that fact can be mentioned in the story. Otherwise, in checking through summaries for a horse's record, his junior activities may be overlooked completely because of the different name following his.

For many years the readers (and non-subscribers) have done a wonderful job with their coverage of horse shows. Covering such an extensive area would be absolutely impossible were it not for the great number of people who volunteer to send along the coverage. Some of the busiest people at a horse show are exhibitors who are not only riding, but also trying to keep a marked program and make notes about the happenings—all of which will appear in an edition of The Chronicle. Add to these people the horse show secretaries who either help such persons keep their programs marked, or mark them for the cor-

respondents, plus the announcers who will take the time to pass on information, and you have people who are responsible for making up the wide-spread horse show coverage. Assigning shows is the small part of the job—it would be useless if it were not for the horsemen and women who are willing to add to their duties.

Imposing on these people just a bit more, it would increase the information value of the sporting calendar if changes in horse show dates, cancellations or additions were sent to The Chronicle. The American Horse Show Association, the Virginia Horse Show Association, and the Inter-State Horse Show Association very kindly send along their member show dates. However, sometimes a late change is made and because such a change has not been reported, The Chronicle will carry the incorrect date. It would be impossible for the associations to report to one publication on every change, but the readers could be a great help if they would send along such information about shows in their vicinities. One reader wrote last year, "I obtained the date from the calendar, went to spot but the show had been cancelled". The problem of correct dates is something which should receive closer attention this year.

A resume of a past season or plans for a forthcoming season would be useless without the kind co-operation of the people in this country and abroad who do such a grand job in the horse show world. With such a backing it is impossible not to accomplish something. It will be these combined efforts which will make the 1953 horse show coverage possible.

Ashantee Riding Club

Sometime these small schooling indoor shows get rather dull, same horses doing the same kind of performance show after show. However, it was interesting to note at this last Ashantee show that there were quite a few new horses getting a little show experience.

This was particularly true in the jumping events which were pretty well filled for a small show. Miss Elizabeth Ginther did well with her

newest colt—a Go-Gino 5-year-old which won the working hunter event. Sky's Twildo, the latest William Faugh addition, accounted for two blues.

A very small pony, named Winnie The Pooh, made the biggest hit. In the walk and trot class, the pony managed a few trotting steps, then completely gave out—whereupon the announcer called out "The 3rd place is awarded to Miss Vivian Buck riding Winnie The Pooh!"

SHOW CORRESPONDENT
Michael Kelley

PLACE: Avon, N. Y.
TIME: December 14.
JUDGE: Robert Dygert.

SUMMARIES

Junior horsemanship—1. Sally Forman 2. Elizabeth Case; 3. Vivian Buck.

Hunter hack—1. Sky's Twildo, Sky Acre Farm 2. Investigator, David Forman; 3. Lo Gino, Elizabeth Ginther; 4. Dalemate, W. P. Wadsworth.

Novice jumpers—1. Miss Pep, Roger Young; 2. Lady Baltimore, Harold Sheppard; 3. Little Echo, Sally Forman; 4. Ozell, J. J. Bartlett.

Horsemanship over jumps—1. James Forman; 2. Carol Bittner; 3. Sally Wadsworth; 4. Sally Forman.

Open jumpers—1. Sky's Twildo; 2. Frontier, Roger Young; 3. Question, Frank Snyder; 4. Miss Panama, Thomas Wood, Jr.

Open horsemanship—1. James Forman; 2. Teddy Messier; 3. Carol Bittner; 4. Sally Wadsworth.

Young hunters—1. Investigator; 2. Lo Gino; 3. Tetremuer, Roger Young.

Children's jumpers—1. Little Echo, Sally Forman; 2. Miss Panama; 3. Lady Baltimore; 4. Little Irish, Teddy Messier.

Conformation hunters—1. Sky's Twildo; 2. Lo Gino; 3. Investigator; 4. Sally Baltimore.

Knock-down-and-out—1. Frontier; 2. Question; 3. Buck Again, Robert Neubeck; 4. Ozell.

Working hunters—1. Lo Gino; 2. Dalemate; 3. Sky's Twildo; 4. Ozell.

Secor Farms Riding Club Indoor

The A.S.P.C.A. is now sponsoring a horsemanship class for non-recognized shows, which is the equivalent to the Maclay trophy in recognized shows. Secor Farms Riding Club has added this class to its winter shows, held every two weeks, beginning with the December 21 show. This class was very successful with several of the juniors participating in this practical event.

At the end of the season the rider who has accumulated the most points wins the trophy. Warren W. McSpadden, general manager of the S.P.C.A., was present at the show to award the ribbons and the medal which the association donates to each A.S.P.C.A. class. The winner in this class was Miss Heidi Schmid.

PLACE: White Plains, N. Y.
TIME: December 21.

SHOWING

SUMMARIES

Hunter hack—1. Flaming Match, Albert Berol; 2. Royal Guard, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll; 3. Raunick, Sue Berol; 4. Pomperous, Gordon Wright.

Horsemanship—1. Katie Kittelle; 2. Carol Altman; 3. Billy Doniger; 4. Mike Alder.

Horsemanship (2nd div.)—1. Carol Leary; 2. Joy Doniger; 3. Carol Barry; 4. Roberta Frank.

Working hunter—1. Royal Guard; 2. Chickstraw, Mrs. R. Schmid; 3. Flaming Match; 4. Shady Pete, Mrs. A. Samuels.

Bergh trophy—1. Heidi Schmid; 2. Margo Barry; 3. Sally Rosner; 4. Bud Filter; 5. Carol Leary; 6. Anne Allard.

Hunt teams—1. Flaming Match; Royal Guard; Red Flag, E. Daffin; 2. Chickstraw; Susy, Heidi Schmid; Dawn, Gordon Wright; 3. Raunick; Grand Summitt, Mint Leaf, Gordon Wright; 4. Saki, Elspeth Eric; Shady Pete; Touraine, Tony Del Balso.

Open jumping—1. Royal Guard; 2. Grand Summitt; 3. Tasket, Gordon Wright; 4. Shady Pete.

Advanced equitation—1. Jeseca Newberry; 2. Victor Hugo-Vidal; 3. Gall Fenbert; 4. George Baer.

Classifieds

All requests for insertions should be sent to the advertising office, Berryville, Va. 25 cents per word including address, minimum charge per insertion: \$5.00. Add \$1.00 if name is withheld and answers are to be cleared through The Chronicle. No classifieds accepted after the Friday preceding publication.

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Olympic three-day horse, competed Helsinki, 1952. Hunted regularly this fall by lady. L. J. McGuinness, Mimico, Ontario. 1-2-2t-pd

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FAR HILLS, N. J.

Monterey International Horse Show

**Lt. Vinals (Mexico) and Pierre D'Oriola
Provide Outstandingly Winning Rounds**

The Texan

Anyone living within the states of Texas, Louisiana, or almost anywhere in the Southwest, should certainly save up his shekels and plan a trip to Monterey, Mexico, come next December. For there is afforded about the middle of that month every year a perfectly wonderful opportunity to see some of the top jumping in the world. Though the teams competing may be seen at other shows in the U. S., the jumping at this show far surpasses that seen in the U. S. events. This is because of the large arena and the multitudinous types and sizes of jumps that would be impossible to put in a closed arena. The show is held in the football stadium of the Monterey Technological Institute and if you can imagine a jumping course set up to cover an entire football field (and they use every inch of it), you can get a pretty good idea of the magnitude of same.

I have never seen such a set of jumps. Every possible kind and combination have been built. They even have five different kinds of rock and brick wall jumps. Brushes of all sizes and angles, six or eight different gate jumps, innumerable panels, detours, barrels, boilers and then an over abundant supply of the regular standards and poles make infinite combinations. When one enters the stadium for a performance, one is greeted with a truly magnificent sight of colorful jumps with greenery and flowers decorating the course at every conceivable point. They even have climbing roses on the pillars of the stone walls, etc.

One might imagine that a set up such as this might overshadow the performances, but this is not so. The actual jumping was superb. Each night's performance was started with a class for civilian and military riders who took the same course as the teams, but the top height was about 4'-9" to start with, though they were raised for jump-offs. These riders and horses were excellent. One could not help but compare them to the riders seen in the shows in the U. S. All the horses were so very well trained. They had good mouths and would stop instantly with very little pressure on the reins. None were over 15.3 it seems. The winning horse in two of these classes couldn't have been over 14.3 but he was a world beater, turning in clean performances to win both times.

There were two young ladies riding in these classes. Miss Eva Valdez who rode with the Mexican Team in The Garden several years ago, and Miss Karel D'Harcourt. Miss Valdez won one night and Miss D'Harcourt was in the ribbons several times. Both were excellent horsewomen who competed on even terms with the officers and held their own.

We were told that they have as many as thirty shows a year in which they can compete with classes of this sort. It is no wonder that Mexico has such a fund of good riders and horses. Whether one likes their style or not, one must hand it to them for making the most from what they have. The horses that they teach to take these enormous courses and jumps with out hesitancy, we in this country would not even look at twice as jumper prospects. Tiny, fine boned, scarcely big enough for a polo pony, but what jumpers they are. These, mind you, are what the civilians ride and train. The Mexican Team naturally gets the bigger ones (they are all of 15.2 or 3). Many a horse took jumps well over his head the week of December 12.

Now for a look at the International classes. There were two classes that were exceptional. The first was the six bar class on Friday night. The course consisted of six varied jumps and not the usual six post and rails. The last three were a brush and double rails, a stone wall, and a brick wall and these were to provide the highlight of the day. On the first round there were 10 horses clean. In the first jump off, the 4 following horses and riders

were again clean: Lt. Vinals (Mexico) on Sonora, Pierre D'Oriola (France) on Ali Baba, Gen. Humberto Mariles (Mexico) on both Chihuahua II and the mare Barbara. The jumps had now been cleared away except for the three mentioned above. Lt. Vinals went first on little Sonora and took down all three jumps. Then Mr. D'Oriola took down the last two for 8 faults. General Mariles and Chihuahua took down the last jump. If there was to be a clean round, he would now have to do it on Barbara. The jumps were at 5'-6, 5'-9" and 6'-0" and didn't seem as though they could possibly raise them anymore if there was to be another jump off. The stands were in an uproar and all crowded to the east end of the stadium so they could see every detail. Gen. Mariles and Barbara entered the ring and with the greatest of ease she cleared all three jumps with about six inches to spare over each. It was truly a grand performance for each jump in itself would have been quite a feat and to clear all three with only two strides in between was something to cheer about—and cheer they did.

The following night brought forth the greatest jumping this writer has ever seen and most probably ever will see. It was the Arete perpetual challenge trophy named for the great horse that Gen. Mariles won his Olympic title on and which met such an untimely death last year. It was a puissance test of eight jumps. The first time around found 8 horses clean. On the first jump off, obstacles 1, 3, 5 and 7 were removed, leaving 2, 4, 6 and 8. Here Lt. Vinals on Acapulco, Lt. Bertrand duBoull (France) on Tourbillon and Capt. Colm O'Shea (Ireland) on Ballyneety were still clean. Jump 2 was removed, leaving jumps 4, 6 and 8.

In order for you to greater appreciate this class, I shall describe these three jumps. Jump 4 was a boiler jump with four rails at 5'-9". Jump 6 was a most peculiar and gigantic affair of a row of hay bales, then a double row of bales with a row of sand bags on top, behind this was a post and rails, then there were leaning rails with six bars set at 6'-0". The width of the whole jump was about 10'-0" and the rails slanted away from the horse. Jump 8 was the pay off. It was a stone wall at 2m 10 or approximately 6'-11". It had gotten so high that the soldiers had to stand on boxes to put the top row of boxes on it for this jump off.

Neither Ballyneety or Tourbillon had been able to make jumps 6 or 8. Lt. Vinals and Acapulco had a stop on jump 4 but then he really went to work. Acapulco had had a terrific spill the night before with Lt. Joaquin D'Harcourt but it didn't seem to stop him. He is all of 15.1 and to see him take these jumps well over his head was a great sight indeed. He literally flew through the air to make jump 6 and when he headed towards jump 8, you could have heard a pin drop. Without a moment's hesitation and with perfect timing on his rider's part, who sat very quietly and let his horse completely alone, the little giant took off. The jump was so far over his head it seemed impossible but he made it! He actually took it much in the same manner a dog will take a high fence. He got to the top and caught his front feet on the edge and pulled himself over. The boxes stayed on and he won. Everyone crowded onto the field afterwards to look at the jumps and measure them. The photographers took a picture of Lt. Vinals on his horse against the wall and the wall came to about the rider's shoulders.

The next night was the class where the rider rode two horses over a course of 16 jumps. Taking one horse around one way, then immediately changing to his second horse and taking the course backwards. Only two riders tied in this class: Lt. Vinals and Acapulco and Sonora

What Makes A "Royal" Horse Show?

**Outstanding Canadian Event Continues To
Grow In Spite of Keen Competition**

Barbara May

We are living in an era of professionalism. The show game has never been more competitive. Cleavage between amateur and professional show business grows wider each year. Football, hockey and baseball teams have long passed the stage where the best players of one town beat the best of another. Top player of the winning team is more than likely to find himself playing on the other side next season, if the opposition can finance a cheque large enough to buy him. Even major skating carnivals, staged on an amateur basis by city clubs, are likely soon to become as obsolete, as the magic lantern shows of a generation ago. One such carnival, which used to net \$50,000, is now forced to spend that amount on costumes and staging in order to compete with the pararama of numerous professional shows. Today, it turns in only \$5,000 to club funds.

The professional horse show, making a coast-to-coast circuit, has yet to be born. Canada's two big eastern horse shows, however—the National Horse Show, held in conjunction with the Canadian National Exhibition, and the Royal Horse Show, "the frosting on the cake" of the Royal Agricultural Winter Fair—have to set their sights higher each year to humour an ever-exacting public. Both face an added menace now in television.

Let's face it—John Q. Public takes his wife and family to a horse show for two reasons, glamour and excitement. For the former, he depends on staging, colour, variety and the elegance of boxholders. For his excitement, he looks for runaways in roadster classes; higher and higher obstacles in jumping events, hoping always for an accident (and not too minor, either—preferably fatal!) Timing must be trigger-quick, classes well-filled, with plenty of variety in the events. Bands delight him, and neither he nor his family ever tire of "The Mounties".

While officials of the National Horse Show try their best to give the public what it wants, and classes are well-filled, it takes a definite back seat to the Royal Horse Show. Why? Most important, is bad, coming as it does in early September; many horses have to be conditioned after a summer on pasture; the social season has not yet begun, and the horse show is only one of a thousand attractions at the C. N. E. While boxes are all sold, they are seldom filled and little glamour is added by occupants when they do appear, the women alternating between summer cottons and lightweight suits, according to the weather. When John Q. Public drops in to the National Horse Show with his family, it is often just to rest his feet.

What, then, makes the Royal tick? In spite of prohibitively high prices for boxes, demand far exceeds supply. Night after night, with the cheapest seats in the house running \$1.50 on week-days and \$2.00 over week-ends, the crowd stands four deep up in the rafters and jams the aisles and promanade to the danger point. The answer lies in timing, showmanship and hard work.

The timing of the Royal Winter Fair is excellent from the public point of view, coming as it does in early November—"those melancholy

and Pierre D'Oriola on Ali Baba and Tramontane. In the jump off (they shortened the course to 10 obstacles), Mr. D'Oriola had 4 faults on Ali Baba and 11 on Tramontane, making him the winner. Lt. Vinals had 4 faults on Sonora and 12 on Acapulco. It was quite a thrill to see the Olympic champion combination come through with a winning round.

Unfortunately we had to return to Texas and missed the final night's competition. For some reason it went through to Monday night and we just couldn't stay. But being able to see what we did will last a life time, (anyway, until next year).

days" the poet speaks about, between the brilliance of autumn and the coming of Christmas. As the show-window of Canadian agriculture, it is a tremendous drawing-card. Families from every province in Canada, and from all over the United States, make an annual visit to the Royal year after year. They come with their best in livestock, grain, fruit, honey and vegetables, dairy products, poultry, handicrafts and pet stock, knowing that a ribbon won at the Royal will prove indisputably the invincibility of their product. They come to see the fruit and flower display, finest of its kind in the world. They come to learn, and they come to gawk. To see some of the finest horses in the world, and for relaxation, glamour and excitement, they come to the Royal Horse Show.

So far, they have not been disappointed. The old showmanship is still there and standards remain as high as as if Her Majesty occupied the Royal Box in person every night. The best in the stable, of all breeds, from the finest Shetland to the finest Thoroughbred, are shipped thousands of miles from every point in the States and Canada to the Royal Horse Show. In spite of accommodation for 1200 horses, supply has never yet exceeded demand, and exhibitors in breeding classes from Toronto and district are asked to come in for the day of their classes only. The Royal standard of perfection is never more evident than in condition and quality of the horses and care of equipment.

Boxholders are carefully screened to maintain this standard. White tie and tails are a "must" every evening, for president, officials, judges, ring committee, scores, announcers and boxholders. When the occasional dinner jacket and black tie creeps in amongst the latter, it is frowned upon. Ladies occupying boxes, or invited as guests, are expected to wear their most exotic and glamorous evening dresses. Latterly, the pageantry of colour has been dimmed somewhat by the fashion for fur wraps—even though they be fabulous mink, ermine and sable—in place of the more colorful velvet and brocade evening cloaks, worn a generation ago, which were often banded or lined with fur. Nevertheless, there is little letdown in glamour, and on the night of His Excellency's visit, "full dress with decorations" lends an added note of brilliance.

Bands of various military regiments are an ever-popular added attraction with the crowd. They usually accompany a Guard of Honour, which is inspected by some visiting V. I. P. When the 48th Highlanders, in kilts, white leggings and bearskin shakoes appear, marching to the skirl of the bagpipes and the incredible gymnastics of the giant drum-major, the crowd goes wild. Close to the "Scotties" in popularity are the Precision Squad and Band of the Royal Canadian Air Force, and the Queen's Own Rifles wearing the colorful, old-world uniform of the Hussars.

In 1952, the Royal presented a unique feature which won outstanding acclaim—a miniature hunt put on by Toronto's Eglington Hunt. Hunt Teams formed the field behind Major Charles Kindersley, M. F. H. and his beautifully-trained pack. It gave a meaning to the hunt teams event which many people had never understood.

In spite of special attractions such as the highly-trained Lipizan stallions of the Spanish Riding School, brought over at great expense two years ago, Royal officials realize that nothing thrills John Q. Public and his family like Canada's own Royal Canadian Mounted Police in their Musical Ride. Gate receipts are assured when "The Mounties" are the feature attraction.

International competition between teams of various nations is another high spot at each Royal performance.

Continued On Page 17

National Youth Movement In Equitation

Universality of Standards Would Indicate National Rather Than On Local Level

Donald Zoll

In two previous articles we have explored methods of improving horsemanship instruction in very specific particulars. This has been done in the face of growing concern over the participation of juniors in equitation. These pages have carried unhappy musings of a distinctly editorial flavor. Fortunately, general recognition of the necessity for some sort of remedial action has been prompt and manifestations of the feeling of urgency have appeared in the columns and letters to *The Chronicle*. It may be that this spreading conviction that something ought to be done means that the editorial phase is over and the time has come for concrete proposals. It is this conclusion that urges me to present tentatively some corrective measures for consideration. Indeed, I shall try to give answers to some of the broader problems I have raised earlier.

Suggestions For Program

The suggestions that I am about to enumerate have been developed not only by my own thoughts on the matter, but as a result of many discussions with others actively interested in the promotion of good horsemanship among the junior riders of the country. One of the problems that was immediately raised was whether some variety of youth program in horsemanship would better be attempted exclusively on the local level or whether it should be national in scope. Since one of the prime objectives involved in any youth program would be an attempt at universality of standards and considering the wide disparity of opportunities and facilities in different localities, it seems quite evident that any such program must be nation-wide in character. We will examine the reasons for this in greater detail a bit further on.

Framework

From what direction or upon what existing framework can this program grow? Has this not been tried in various forms before? Some efforts of an experimental sort have been tried, but have met with only local success. The Junior Cavalry of America—in many respects a most worthwhile project—was such an attempt, but its limitations are evident when one realizes the simple fact that the mounted arm of our military service is now completely disbanded and outside of a few top-grade military schools, the youthful imagination is not served by invoking the spirit of the Cavalry. I would be among the first to sorely regret this, but objectively, it's indisputable.

Show Ring Problem

What about the show ring? Aren't a large number of youngsters participating in horse show competition? Yes, numerous junior riders have taken a keen interest in the show ring. But I'd like to point out reasons why I cannot conceive of the show ring as the basis for a national program. First, as I have said in another article, the show appeals more to girls than boys, by its nature it favors the former, and it fails to provide the type of competition and recognition needed by the adolescent boy. Secondly, the stark fact remains that in the majority of cases, good horsemanship is not rewarded in the show ring, riding is all too frequently artificial, and psychological relations between horse and rider, rider and teacher, and between the riders themselves are not the most wholesome theoretically conceivable. Thirdly, there exists no substantial agreement or standardization of objectives in equitation and consequently no real "meeting of the minds" exists as to what constitutes equitation excellence in the show ring.

Program Through Schools?

Would it be possible to form a national junior program through the schools? This would seem at first glance to be the desirable solution. This would give permanency and prestige to a newly-formed program

for better equitation. On the other hand, the schools present several almost insurmountable difficulties. There are only a few schools with riding programs at the present time—and most of those only for girls; Of these, a much smaller percentage have instruction of quality, the majority having instruction of the most unsatisfactory type. School programs would not reach large segments of the junior riders who undertake their riding either in regular schools of horsemanship or on private mounts with or without individual instruction.

Neighborhood Headquarters

What institutions, then, could serve on the local level as a sort of neighborhood headquarters? We are left with the alternative of the hunt clubs and the riding schools. The latter establishments must be, of course, divided between the ones stressing some form of scientific instruction and those of the "bridle path" variety. There exist certain broad areas of common agreement among the hunts—which often now feature junior hunt programs—and the better class semi-private and public riding schools. Moreover, both have the facilities to undertake activities that would be the basis of a junior horsemanship program. In previous articles, I have discussed in some detail such programs on the local level and how they may be practically accomplished in hunts and riding schools. Other organizations emphasizing field uses of the horse and functional horsemanship could also be added to the groups supporting the national organization when such organizations expressed a sincere desire to participate.

National Organization

What about this "national organization"? What would it do and why would it be necessary? The most obvious answer is that additional measures are necessary to encourage juvenile participation in mounted sports and at present no existing organization is prepared to undertake that task on a national basis. If we agree that action should be undertaken, the question that remains is why we must have a regular national organization to coordinate these activities? Why couldn't each community undertake separate promotional programs of their own? I feel that the answer to this question will be made very clear when we examine the probable functions of a national organization for junior riders.

Among its responsibilities would be the following:

1. We must standardize broadly our objectives in horsemanship. This requires research into new techniques and requires coordination between interested groups. Long-range activities must be planned and information distributed in an orderly fashion to local organizations. Projects in horse management, endurance and cross-country rides, junior hunts, schooling tournaments, and national competitions must be planned and put into effect by the national organization. Publicity must be undertaken in a thoughtful and concentrated manner. Active interest among youngsters can only be fostered by giving prestige and popular recognition to any organization created for and by them. Illustration can be provided by the Pony Club movement in Great Britain and Canada.

2. The national organization must publish a magazine especially designed for juvenile consumption. This magazine must be both entertaining and informative. And it must be aimed at the junior level. The basis for this suggestion was made, incidentally, in the provocative letter of Herbert Wiesenthal in *The Chronicle* issue of September 5.

3. The national organization must concern itself with horse shows and special events with the aim of improving equitation classes and standardizing them to the point where a boy from Virginia is being judged on the same basis as a lad from California. This would lead to a national

point-system and make national equitation competition possible (as has been done for many years in other sports such as swimming and riflery to name only two). Judges must be selected and oriented carefully in the standardized rating scales. These scales must rate on the basis of intelligent horsemanship rather than show ring artificialities. Schooling tournaments and junior modified-Olympic competitions would be encouraged and it might be possible to feature nation-wide—or even international—modified three-day contests for the ablest of the junior riders. Special events, trail rides, the creation of the junior hound and drag packs, even a type of "4-H Club" projects in the raising and schooling of field horses and breeding stock could be implemented by such an organization.

4. The national organization should endeavor to make specific efforts to improve equitation instruction. The present scarcity of first-grade instructors is a definite handicap to any successful junior horsemanship program. Not only are there few qualified instructors, but even fewer qualified to teach children and juniors which in many respects is far more demanding of the teacher. Besides the measures already mentioned under other headings, a national organization could create a national placement service—a central clearing house—for instructors in the field of junior equitation. Secondly, and this is inexorably bound up with any placement service, it might inaugurate a licensing or certification program for teachers of horsemanship. This might tend to reduce in number the fly-by-night "instructors" who are grossly unqualified and thereby allow schools, camps, hunts, and clubs to hire instructors with some assurance of getting a man or woman both qualified to teach horsemanship and suitable to work with junior riders. I strongly feel that such a certification program undertaken by a national organization would have a remarkable effect upon the standards of equitation instruction in the United States. Such certification, I might add, is common in some parts of Europe.

Not Definite Suggestions

Needless to point out, these suggestions are somewhat vague and highly general in character. They are meant to be. Perhaps they can be termed "fishing expeditions" put forth in the hope of a favorable reaction or even possible action. In the two articles that preceded this one, I have tried to fill in the blank spots with detail regarding the practical operation of these proposals. The success of any venture of this kind depends in large measure upon two factors: the fervor of those responsible for it and the vigour with which its goals are pursued locally—in the "grass roots", if you will. I am completely convinced that the cadre for such a program is now available and that popular interest will carry it forward. I am even more convinced that the need exists. It is encouraging to note how widespread is the belief among horsemen that this need exists.

It would be careless, I think, to speculate with utopian abandon about what future results might be produced. Lethargy, ignorance—both passive and active, and habit are hard to dislodge. Still harder to cope with is the complex of motivations that induce people into relationships with the horse. It is all too evident to the sophisticated that they are rarely the pristine concerns with art and science which so many serious horsemen in their intense earnestness believe to be the most motivations of all who desire to ride or train a horse. But this dash of realistic "cold water" doesn't mean that conscientious horsemen

Royal Horse Show

Continued From Page 16

Here, excellence of individual performances vies with flags, uniforms and national anthems of the different countries in attracting the public.

Since the word "agricultural" is still most jealously guarded, the crowd gets an opportunity to see the finest heavy horses and cattle in provincial parades, accompanied by a special running commentary by some agricultural expert from the province concerned. Junior agriculturalists have their innings at the horse show through the presentation of the Queen's Guineas, awarded to the proud young owner of the finest steer raised by a member of the 4-H Clubs across Canada.

For a glamorous background to these varied events, the Royal Winter Fair has a permanent band on duty throughout the show, and purchases thousands of coloured bunting to decorate arena and boxes.

Back of each Royal Horse Show lies a year's hard work. While credit must go to the general manager and his working staff, success depends to a great degree on the unswerving loyalty of "the Old Guard" and committees of voluntary junior members who work under them. Such committee members are by no means chosen at random. Once a man is asked to serve (women are not allowed) he is expected to take his job seriously. Slackness one season means replacement the next. The men behind the Royal Winter Fair are men who have succeeded in their respective business and professions. They apply the same principles to their job of running the Fair. The result speaks for itself. The 1952 Royal is only a little over a month behind, yet already committees are in full swing planning the Royal of 1953.

And what about the 1953 Royal Horse Show? It is safe to say that, from the initial bars of "The Queen" on opening night to the last notes of "Auld Lang Syne" at the nostalgic and impressive closing ceremonies, John Q. Public will feel he has seen a well-planned, quick-moving "Royal" show. There may be surprises, but there will be no lowering of standards.

need throw up their hands in abject horror. Education—mass education—of any kind is a slow and halting process. Little by little, enlightenment seeps into minds and imaginations where dark voids previously held sway. Creating a national youth organization for equitation will not sweep away the cobwebs of ignorance in one mighty stroke, but it might prove a healthy stimulation to curiosity and a sense of accomplishment. Above all, it might appeal to the youthful imagination. And my nights are sometimes haunted by spectral stables and tack rooms barren of brash young laughter.

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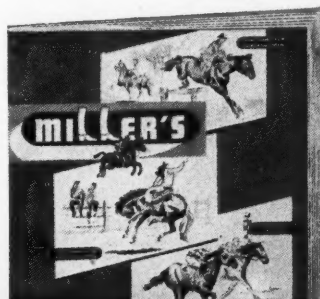
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Metropolitan League Indoor Championship Tournament Begins

Bill Briordy

Bill Nicholls, 7-goal star who has been turning in top polo since the start of the current season, stroked 8 goals from his No. 2 spot to lead the New York Athletic Club to an 11-7 success over the Meadow Brook Club of Westbury, L. I., as play in the Metropolitan League indoor championship tournament began at the Squadron A Armory on Saturday night, Dec. 20.

A 9-goal output in the second half by the Winged Foot mallet-swingers told the tale in this match. At intermission the New York A. C. was behind 5-2. Meadow Brook's Phil Iglehart got the first goal, and that marker plus a 1-goal allowance at the start gave the Brookers a 2-0 edge after seven minutes of the first period.

Fourteen minutes elapsed before the Winged Footers broke into the scoring. But once the New York A. C. riders took hold they were almost impossible to stop. Bill Nicholls opened the Winged Foot scoring and Walter Phillips followed with another marker in the second period.

Holding Meadow Brook scoreless, the New York A. C. collared 5 goals in the third chukker as Nicholls stroked four quick tallies and Phillips added one. Three more goals for Nicholls and 1 for George C. Sherman Jr., more than matched the 2 scored by Meadow Brook's Johnny Rice in the last chukker. Henry Lewis 3d was at back for the Meadow Brook side.

Paced by Leverett Miller of Westbury, L. I., Yale star, who hit the backboard 8 times, the Farmington Polo Club had little trouble turning back a Connecticut rival, the Fairfield Polo Club, 16-8, in the non-league opener of the night.

Beginning with a 2-goal handicap, Farmington's scoring was opened by Miller, but Bill Crawford and Bob Ackerman quickly slammed through tallies and it appeared that Fairfield would soon get moving.

However, Miller added 2 more goals and Frank Butterworth tacked on 1 for a 6-2 Farmington advantage at the close of the first period. Miller got 3 more goals in the second chukker and Al Marenholtz as Farmington left the arena at intermission with an 11-4 bulge.

Butterworth made 4 goals for Farmington, with Marenholtz registering twice. Crawford notched 4, Ackerman 3 and Bill McMath 1 for the Fairfield poloists.

West Hills Hunt Club Opens 1952-53 Season Of Drag Hunting

The West Hills Hunt Club officially opened its 1952-53 season on November 2 at the Beautiful Hurdle-Dale Farm, estate of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Burns in Woodland Hills, Calif.

The opening hunt was followed by a hunt breakfast at the adjoining San Fernando Valley Country Club with Dan Dailey, president of the W.H.H.C., presiding over 128 members and guests.

A Field of 48 enthusiastic horsemen and women turned out, eager to start the season and Huntsman Don Cameron had the club's 6 couple of hounds out. There were three good long drag runs over some excellent galloping country, with plenty of roading in between to give horses and riders a chance to look over and get acquainted with the country and its many new natural panels and fences erected during the summer. Practically every member of the Field stayed right up with hounds on the runs with only one casualty, Secretary Isabelle Young, who became a cropper at the first fence, but who, nevertheless, remounted and went right on.

The West Hills Hunt Club, now in its fourth year, has issued an ambitious fixture card with 60 hunts scheduled, starting November 2 and ending May 30. Five horse shows have also been scheduled as well as a mid-season and end of the season hunter trials.

The hunt staff of the West Hills Hunt Club consists of the following: George A. Burns, Field Master; Don Cameron, professional huntsman; Audrey Scott, 1st whipper-in; Paul Crockett, 2nd whipper-in and Anne Mills, 3rd whipper-in.

Letters to the Editor

Continued From Page 2

horses would have, through their dams, to "speak" politely should they meet him, Assault and Stymie, and of course Alsab on the top side.

Before I close this I'd like to comment in passing that 51 percent of the stakes winners in the days Stymie was the big horse had Ben Brush—Domino blood. I do not know more recent percentages—wish I did.

Sincerely yours,

Janet Daingerfield

Middleburg, Va.

P. S. In justice to Sysonby please recall he died in training. I feel sure the Major was right about the re-

lative value to the two horses, but I feel that this should be recalled.

Prefers Hunting Cap

Dear Editor:

Your piece re hunting caps in a recent issue of The Chronicle was decidedly to the point.

As you know I suffered a skull fracture while helping to prepare horses for the 1932 Olympics. Going through an in and out the horse somersaulted over the first jump, throwing me head first through the second. That fracture left me deaf.

If I had been wearing a hunting cap I doubt if I would have even been hurt, because while show riding in Europe where they will not let you enter the ring without head protection in jumping events, I had a similar spill with no bad effects what so ever.

Dr. Greear, former Master of Potomac Hunt, told me to wear a hunting cap in the Field before I was authorized to wear pink.

I personally feel everyone should wear hunting caps over jumps. No derbies; they invariably come off due to their design when a horse falls.

Regards,

Alden Crane

Washington, D. C.

Cockfighting

Continued From Page 6

fighting was wrecked by someone who had been invited to a main. Who he was is not known, but that particular main could only have been given away by someone closely in touch with proceedings.

The main was being held at a well known stud farm; police appeared, there was no escape, no one had thought of the possibility of the necessity of escape. All concerned were hauled before the Bench; an eminent K. C. pleaded their cause, put forth an eloquent defense of cocking. All to no avail; it was not cocking that was on trial, but those who had participated in an illegal sport. They were convicted and fined, and so ended the period when the sod flourished, side by side with the Turf, in the historic home of both.

Sport lives in speech

But cocking will always live in the speech of our country. When a coward is accused of showing "the white feather", or of "turning tail", and a hero is lauded as "dying game", a gourmet is described as "living like a fighting cock", or a free fight is termed a "battle royal", the old sport of the sod will forever obtrude itself—in memory at least.

And I cannot help thinking that there are still bred here and there some youngsters with the desire to see a good fight, even if they do not enjoy the privileges of a famous Eton Eleven who played "All England" a match at Newmarket in 1751, and who interposed a day's cocking in the four assigned to cricket!

It behoves me not to enter upon a defense of this sport that was legal in a bygone age. It may be suggested that it was a more brutal age. Possibly, but it was a great one. Also, are we sure that brutality is stamped out in our land? There are far more ghastly kinds of cruelty inflicted today than the matching of belligerent birds. While worn out horses are exported to the Continent, and the very chargers of our army are abandoned in Egypt after playing their part in the greatest of wars, while ladies wear furs taken from animals trapped and held in those traps sometimes for days, and when dogs are suffered to remain on chains for months without any exercise, so long, I say, we can at least refrain from upbraiding our ancestors with the calumny of brutality, and can find plenty all around us in daily life to clear up before we attack old established sport.

Let us remember that the reputation of our Empire was built up by sportsmen; soldiers and sailors they were by necessity, but sportsmen by inclination; let us drink to their memory then, honouring them with the very oldest of all sporting toasts—"Turf and Sod!"

Elementary Dressage Class At Secor Farms Meets With Success

A big step was taken toward the future participation of Americans in the Olympic Games when an elementary dressage class was held at the Secor Farms Horse Show at White Plains, N. Y. on December 21. The first such class held in an Eastern horse show, it was an immense success and a harbinger of many other dressage classes to come.

Eight riders participated with a variety of horses that included hunters, saddle horses and even one Lipizzan. The movements asked for were collected and extended trot, collected and extended canter, transversal right and left, flying change of lead on a straight line and backing. These movements sound simple—but try to do them correctly!

Since this was the first class of its kind the judges were hard put to declare the winners. No standards have as yet been set by the A. H. S. A. (although it is expected that there soon will be) and judges Fritz Stecken and Bob Gussenhoven had to base their decisions on a combination of international dressage rules and American equitation class practice.

Considering the general lack of knowledge of the subject, performances were surprisingly good. Almost all the horses were obedient, if not correct. The winning horse was apparently the only one that had a really correct basic dressage education, and this gave him a tremendous advantage, but the other horses nevertheless put on a good show.

That the movements were difficult enough was demonstrated by the fact that only the winner was able to show a correct collected trot and correct transversal, and no one showed a correct extended trot or flying change. (It is the writer's personal opinion that a flying change on a straight line is far too difficult a movement for an elementary test.) Most of the horses showed merely a slow trot without collection. The best any of them could do in place of the extended trot was what is sometimes called a "middle trot" which is a gait with a little more energy than an ordinary trot. Most of the horses performed the transversal with incorrect bending, that is, with the head turned away from the direction of the movement. Other faults noted were unevenness of gait, lack of self-carriage and, in some cases, pulling.

All of which, while of importance in international dressage, is of small importance at the moment. The really important thing was the tremendous interest of contestants and spectators alike and the excellent sportsmanship displayed. The young riders were extremely keen and very clever when it came to questioning the judges after the class. A great desire to learn was in evidence and the determination to see the thing through to its logical conclusion—Olympic standards—was uppermost in all minds. Most important, the class showed that any good rider can put up a creditable performance in this type of event and this fact alone should encourage more young riders to try.

Doubtless it may seem odd that a horse show report would omit the names of the winning horses and riders, but at this stage of the game winning or losing means little. Credit should go to all the participants, who are real horse show pioneers.

All possible credit, too, is due to the men behind the scenes—to Gordon Wright who put the class in his show, to Joe Vanorio who encouraged his pupils to enter, to Lee Fenbert who is a leading light in the move to introduce more advanced horsemanship to American horse shows and to many others who participated and encouraged.

There is a long, hard road ahead in the development of dressage riding in America, but the move is on. Gordon Wright intends to continue with dressage classes in his Secor Farms semi-monthly shows and other shows will doubtless follow suit. When standards are introduced into the A. H. S. A. rules and judges trained, we will then be on the road to successful Olympic competition. The show at Secor Farms was a giant step in the right direction.

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In the Country



CROWN CREST RESEARCH LABORATORY

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Reineman announce that in conjunction with the beginning of the Crown Crest Research Laboratory that another project is to be launched. As Mr. Reineman is in the steel production business, he is designing an hydraulic powered equine operating table of the most modern design to be installed in an operating room of the Crown Crest Research Building.

Associated with Crown Crest Research Project are local Orthopedic and General Surgical Consultants doing active surgical work. Any additional surgeons are cordially invited to join in using their talents in cooperating with us in this project.

By installing this equine operating table in a desirable operating room, Mr. Reineman is inviting the horse veterinarians of the Blue Grass to have free access to its use for experimental surgery. It is his desire to have the veterinarians to use this table for their necessary operations. With the veterinarians acting as anesthetists and surgeons as needed and the human surgeons doing some of the operating under the most favorable conditions, much can be learned. Regular operating procedures might be established for certain abdominal and thoracic operations.

Intramedullary fixation having proven itself in humans to be the ideal method of early weight bearing in fresh bone fractures, one would immediately be led to believe that this would be the ideal method of treating fresh fractures in horses. This method of approach of treating bone fractures in horses will be tried.

Endoscopic diagnosis and treatment involving horse research is to be studied immediately. Endoscopes have been ordered and their arrival is awaited anxiously as these instruments can revolutionize some of our conventional methods of treatment and diagnosis. For instance, take "bleeders" on the race track. By the use of this instrument, you can locate the actual bleeding vessel and treat it at that point, provided the bleeding is originating in the head, throat or upper parts of the trachea.

On December 15, 1952, eleven of the horse veterinarians in the Blue Grass region met with Mr. Reineman and agreed to join together as a unit in this project. These veterinarians take care of 95 percent or more of the local horse work. It is through the cooperation of this group of veterinarians that we hope to achieve the desired results. Other interested veterinarians are invited to join with us in this endeavor.

As announced on November 26, 1952, Dr. E. W. Thomas was appointed Director of Crown Crest Research project and is to continue in that capacity. It is his wish that it

be known that each of these veterinarians are to play important parts in this project, and that he along with the other veterinarians especially wish to work together in this communal effort.

The participating veterinarians are: Robert E. Bardwell, Wm. C. Caslick, A. H. Davidson, Horace N. Davis, Wm. R. Fockele, Chas. E. Hagyard, Wm. R. McGee, D. L. Proctor, Jr., Floyd E. Sager, E. W. Thomas, and Howard S. White.

—E. W. T.

BINGLE AT SANTA ANITA

Bingle, a 2-year-old bay colt by *Endeavour II—Pray Do, by Pilate won the first race at Santa Anita Park on December 27. It was his 13th start for the year and 3rd victory, giving him \$7,150 for the 1952 season. Bingle was claimed from his breeder, Mrs. M. E. Person of Llangollen Farm, for \$7,500 at Jamaica on October 15. This was his first start for his owners, Allison and Prestidge, whose Saxon Stable claimed Bingle.

NEW INSTRUCTOR

At the Tuesday morning musical ride for ladies on December 2, Bloomfield Open Hunt (Bloomfield Hills, Mich.), there was a new instructor on hand. Miss Violet Hopkins, who was formerly the instructor at Outland's Riding Stable in Birmingham, has moved to Bloomfield Hills. Three years ago she went to Chicago for work under Prof. Konyot. Two summers ago, she won a coveted teacher's rating from the National Section on Women's Athletics. Her rating came after a week of intensive study and tests at the Sweet Briar Rating Center, working under Capt. V. S. Littauer.—K. D.

MEXICAN VISITORS

The group of Texans who attended the International Show in Monterey recently had a time. One of them had known Capt. Robert Borg at Fort Riley and when it was found that he was there with Bill Biddle, he was delighted. Not only was Capt. Borg's performances of dressage a delight to behold but the discussions on training, the Olympics and horse talk in general over the breakfast table were wonderful. It wouldn't be at all surprising if three of the riders who participated in the first dressage class held in Texas recently and who were there in Monterey, didn't start to work in earnest now with new enthusiasm. We are now working to get Capt. Borg to the Ft. Worth Fat Stock Show for an exhibition. . . . Miss Cynthia Brants of Ft. Worth, who is a serious artist of renown, didn't let that stop her from making sketches of all the wonderful jumps seen in Monterey. Texas hunter and jumper enthusiasts can look forward to having a few like them to jump come next fall.—The Texan.

BALD EAGLE RETIRED

Bald Eagle, long familiar to Texas hunter and jumper exhibitors, first as an open horse and then as a working hunter, has been retired. The aged chestnut gelding, owned by Miss Isabel Brown of Houston, Texas, bowed out on a note of victory. He is the Texas Hunter and Jumper Association's working hunter champion for 1952. Among his recent victories was the working hunter tri-color at the Parish Stables Show last spring and reserve championships at the Ridgley

Hill Show and the Texar County Ride and Hunt Club Show held December 6-7. He has been shown for the past two years by Jessica and Bill Hobby of Houston.

IRISH HUNTING BULLETIN

Latest hunting news is that very good sport is available in practically all centers throughout the country. From Cork comes news that the United Hunt has opened up to a very good season and the same news comes from the South Union and Muskerry Hunts. First-class sport has also been available with the Sean Peel Harriers. From the Tipperary Hunt comes news that some American visitors have already made their appearance in the field and more are on the way. The Scarteen (Black and Tans) have had first-class sport since the opening of the season and their meets have been attended by some visitors from the United States and Britain. The County Limerick Hunt has also had its share of overseas visitors. From the Dublin area comes news that many cross-Channel visitors have come over to sample the hunting with the local packs, mainly with the Meath Hunt and the Kildares, and the Ward Union Stag Hunt.

So far, the supply position in regard to made hunters is reported to be adequate to meet existing requirements and in fact the position in this respect is improved in some areas on that of last year. (I. T. B.)

NEW RACING BARN

Last spring James McHugh purchased a farm near West Grove, Pa. from the Colin Loftings and has since built a 24-stall race barn there. Situated in the field next to the steeplechase course of Trainer Morris H. Dixon, Jr., the location is ideal. Recently the Dixons had another fire scare which wasn't helped any by their memories of the horrible fire at Belmont Park last summer in which they lost so many horses. This time it was the steer barn on Mr. McHugh's new farm and he lost 2 bulls and a cow. Luckily someone was thoughtful enough to call the Dixons to tell them about the fire before they saw the flames, so they knew that at least it wasn't another stable of horses.

IN THE HUNTING FIELD

The Louis Ledyards from Huntington, L.I. rented a hunting box in Unionville, Pa. for six weeks and were regulars with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Hounds. The lease is up but they are still week-end visitors. Mrs. Ledyard has recently purchased *Irish Easter from Sidney Watters, Jr. and will make a hunter out of the 9-year-old bay gelding by Young England-Easter Link. As a 7-year-old, *Irish Easter got off to a good start by winning the William Skinner Memorial over brush at Middleburg and then annexed his next start

which was at Pimlico. His 3rd winning effort that year was at Belmont Park in an allowance event over brush. . . . Happy Hill Farm's veteran 'chaser and stakes winner, Adaptable, did a very good job in his transition from brush to timber, winning his initial outing in 1952 over post and rails at the Deep Run Hunt meeting. The Corwith Wetherills loaned the versatile horse to Mr. Wetherill's brother, Elkins, and the latter rode him behind hounds for his first trip on December 20 with Mr. Stewart's Cheshire Foxhounds. Adaptable and his new rider proved to be a good combination and they had quite a day in the field which included about 35 members from the Essex Fox Hounds who were on hand for a joint-meet. . . . Colin Lofting has a new prospect for a hunter in the former W. B. Cocks' owned *Killarney Maid. This 8-year-old bay mare by J'Accours—Hip Hurrah did not start last year at the hunt meetings but the year before was raced at the hunt meetings and at the big tracks. She also started once in 1949. . . . Not yet a regular with hounds at Unionville but fast approaching an outing is James McHugh's Jordan. This 3-year-old bay gelding by Johnstown was a point-to-point winner last year and finished 2nd to Adaptable at Deep Run. Now being brought along slowly by Trainer Morris Dixon, Jr., Jordan has been ridden cross country and has been given quite a bit of slow work under saddle.

ACE DIES

The death of a grand old hunter which died on December 17 might be expressed thusly: Ace, ch. g. 16 hand, 1933-1952, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lee Henry. However, there are never enough words to say what is in a horseman's heart when one of his stable friends goes on to a horse's Valhalla. It is seldom indeed that one finds such a veteran which does not have an interesting story to his life. Such is the case with Ace. He was an old West Point horse for whom the Henrys traded a jeep some five or six years ago, thus throwing into reverse the mechanized units which forced the retirement of horses from the Army. Never a disgrace at horse shows, Ace also proved to be a top mount for Mrs. Henry in the hunting fields. Ace had a heart attack after arriving at the hunt meeting on December 17.

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